THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 31. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A NOBLE TRIO.

The Memories of Henry Grattan, Theobald Wolfe Tone and Daniel O'Connell Honored at Mrs. Hart's Irish Village.

Speeches By Hon. M. V. Gannon, John F. Finerty, Edmund O'Connell and Father McCarthy of Cahirciveen.

Patriots' Day was celebrated at Mrs. Ernest Hart's Irish Village, Midway Plaisance, last Saturday. There was a very large attendance at the exercises, which were held in the Village square, at the west end of which a handsome platform, draped in American and Irish colors, was erected. The speaking began at 4 o'clock. Mrs. Hart presided and introduced the speakers, the first of whom was the Hon. M. V. Gannon, of Omaha, who delivered a masterly address on the life, career and principles of Daniel O'Connell, the Catholic Emancipator. After rapidly reviewing the leading events in the life of the great agitator, Mr. Gannon said:

The people have endeavored to pursue O'Connell's policy. Soldiers have fallen in the ranks here and there; even the scaffold has claimed its victims, and the prisons are never without them. But what will be thought if, by and by, in the face of the most powerful government in the world, the public opinion inaugurated by Daniel O'Connell shall wrest from that government the right of Ireland to rule herself? Men may differ and do differ as to what is the proper course to pursue under such circumstances; but in the British house of commons, led by the Grand Old Man himself—Mr. Gladstone—there is a party who tenders to Ireland the right to regulate its own affairs. The boon is a little one—it is carved here and hewed there, and cut in other places. But there is one thing it does—made possible by the teachings of O'Connell—it establishes the right to Ireland to a native legislature. While pursuing the peaceful policy of O'Connell, cultivating assiduously the principles of reason and of justice, educating the public mind up to this great question, the people of America listened, and then the people of America made Great Britain listen. (Applause.)

I say let us pursue that policy. Possibly a great many would rather go out on a Tipperary hillside and fight for it (applause and cheers), because there is something very dear to the Irish heart in the roll of a drum and the music of a musket! (Applause.)

But I say, when we win this fight by the force of public opinion, then old Ireland will have done something that was never done before. Hungary won home rule, but Hungary did not have any Orange faction to aid her tyrants.

Let us go on, ladies and gentlemen, and teach our children that the history of that country which gave birth to Daniel O'Connell is worthy of our pride and glory; and at the same time, reasonably and rationably, give the world to understand that we are entitled to our domestic legislature, and that we will take nothing less.

Before I close, let me conjure you not to lay down your arms in this struggle; that Ireland still needs your assistance; that O'Connell himself, were he alive, would plead with you to continue his struggle; and when we get that freedom, we will be able to put a tombstone over another man who did much and dared much and died for Ireland—Robert Emmet. When that is done, we shall also have told the world that there is no religious prejudice in the Irish heart; that a man may worship God according to his conscience, and should not be hated simply because he disagrees about the manner or method of that worship. (Applause.) Show the world that we are not bigots—that the religion of O'Connell is a religion that never tied any man to a party—of bigots. And pursuing that course, the light will dawn over old Ireland again; freedom will settle down in her valleys and on her mountains and by the banks of her placid waters, never to depart until the heavens shall have rolled away like a scroll and God's angels summon mankind to judgment. (Loud and continuous applause.)

Mr. John F. Finerty was then introduced and delivered an address, of which the following is an outline:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Times have greatly changed in less then a hundred years, when we find an English lady presiding at a meeting called to honor two gentlemen who did their utmost in their lifetime to make the British empire, by a kingdom less. (Applause by the ladies.) One of those gentlemen was Henry Grattan; the other was Theobold Wolfe Tone.

Henry Grattan was the founder of what was known as the constitutional idea in Anglo-Irish politics. He was a brave man. He fought several duels. He winged a good many Tories in his day. (Laughter.) He was not afraid of cannon, or rifles, or anything else in that line. (Applause.) But, unfortunately for Ireland, he never thought it was necessary to sever the gordian knot of English connection by the sword.

After the ancient Celtic Ireland was conquered in the campaign of 1691 the Protestant garrison of Ireland, mostly of English and Scottish blood, discovered that the parent country did not give them fair play commercially. When they began to appreciate this they found an empty treasury. They found, by the navigation laws, their commerce suppressed. They found without the aid of protection that British goods overflowed their best markets and beggared the Irish manufacturer at his own door. No amount of loyalty could stand this. The patriot party was formed, and Henry Flood was the first potent leader. Then came the American war. When the troops were drawn out of Ireland, the Irish government asked England to protect them against foreign invasion. England said she had no soldiers, and Ireland raised her volunteers—entirely Protestants, as Catholics were forbidden to carry arms. In 1778 they began their organization. In the course of two years sixty thousand men, fully armed and equipped, were gathered together. It was at this time that the genius of Grattan made itself manifest. He appealed not so much to the materialistic in Ireland as to the sentimental. He pointed out the evils of the connection as it stood; he showed that their trade had been diminished; that foreign nations were allowed to insult the merchants of Ireland in the public streets. He stirred the Irish volunteers to resistance. The Dungannon convention was held in the Presbyterian church of that old town. It passed a resolution declaring that no power on earth had the right to bind Ireland, except the king, the lords and the commons thereof. (Applause.) Henry Grattan went before the Irish parliament with a declaration of rights. The volunteers rallied round the statue of King William and placed upon the muzzles of their cannon this label, "Free trade, or else"—which meant free commerce not English free trade. That was granted them, but it was not enough. He entered again the Irish parliament, and made the declaration of rights—that immortal declaration, which appealed to the pride of Ireland; which told England that Ireland was not a colony, and that even if she were a colony, by the charters of the Henries and the Edwards, by the sword flashing in the hand of her warlike chief, which carved the articles of the treaty of Limerick, guaranteeing equality, England had no power to bind the Irish nation except in the matter of brute force. He called on England to renounce the claim. He made her bind herself by a solemn treaty, guaranteed by the word of her king, and England renounced the claim, and Georgo III made proclamation that never again would England seek to bind Ireland by any other laws than her own. (Applause.)

This was the treaty of 1782, and before it was carried Grattan, standing before the people, said to them, "I have no ambition except the ambition to break your chains and contemplate your glory. I will not be satisfied while one link of the British chain clinks on the rags of the meanest cottager in Ireland. He may be in rags; he shall not be in irons, and I do believe the time is at hand, the spirit has gone forth, the declaration is planted, and though great men should apostatize yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ that conveyed, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet but survive him." (Applause.)

These words were prophetic. He demanded the renouncing of the law of appeal. The English house of lords made the claim that all questions of dispute that lay in an Irish court had to go in final appeal to them. Grattan denied this right, and Flood seconded the denial. In 1783 the English house of lords solemnly renounced the right to revise Irish laws in that body. No treaty could have been more binding. But when the time came that England was again at peace with the world, she forgot those solemn pledges. People—even Irishmen—had criticised him (the speaker) for speaking, as they called it, too radically against England. What were they afraid of? Could any man who told the truth say anything on the Irish question that could be pleasing to the English? I think it is best to be frank and manly and outspoken on such occasions as this. We are stating the cause of our country, why we have been bitter toward the English, and are bitter toward the English—not from any desire to be contentious or quarrelsome, but because England has bound our country; because she has beggared it; because she still binds our country, and because she still beggars our country. (Applause.)

When Henry Grattan, grown older, in 1800, as member from Wicklow, entered the Irish house of commons to make the final fight against the Union, he stated then and there the principle that England had violated every honorable obligation of one nation to another. And he said, "I see my country in a swoon; but the is not dead; on her lips is the spirit of life, and in her cheeks the glow of beauty."

Thou art not conquered—
Beauty's ensign yet is crimsoned on thy lips
And in thy cheeks, and death's pale flag
Is not advanced there.

And those lips and those cheeks still glow with the hope of liberty. We see it dawning upon the Irish hills; we see it in the form not as Grattan expected, but we know that it was his teachings and the teachings of those that followed him that made it possible for us to continue the struggle.

I am glad to have this opportunity to say these few words in honor of an Irishman, a Protestant by faith, a man brought up in official circles, who was stirred by the spirit of a free man, by the glorious genius that has made his name immortal, by the side of Demosthenes, Cicero and the other great masters of oratory.

There grew up by the side of him a man of different mould—a Protestant, too—a young man, the son of a tradesman in Dublin, educated in Trinity College. He saw the wrongs of his fellow countrymen; he saw the degradation of his country; he saw that the only hope for Ireland was to unite Catholic and Protestant for the common good, and he devoted all his time and all his energies and all his talents to this end. This man was Theobald Wolfe Tone. (Applause.) It would be tedious to enter into a biographical sketch of this able Irishman. It is much to say that he organized in the northern counties of Ireland 300,000 Catholics and Presbyterians, but was finally driven beyond the seas. Without the knowledge of a foreign language—without a guinea in his purse, he made his way to America and finally to France. He obtained letters of introduction to James Monroe, afterwards president of the United States. He met Monroe at Paris. He was introduced to the grandfather of the present French president, Carnot. He learned the French language, and in less than two years placed the cause of Ireland so plainly before the French Directory that they voted to send a fleet and an army to aid the United Irishmen to throw off the English yoke. The fleet started in December, 1796, but was overtaken by furious storms and compelled to return—overtaken and overpowered by the only unsubsidized allies of England, air and water.

This did not break his spirit. He went to work again, and succeeded in having raised in Holland another army, which the only unsubsidized allies of England also overcame. There was no English army of that day that could have stood before the force of either of those expeditions and the United Irishmen. No blame for those failures could attach to Wolfe Tone, who, in the last expedition which he organized, in 1798, after fighting with the valor and constancy of a hero, was captured and met his early doom with the undaunted spirit which had made him the most formidable Irish enemy of the British Empire.

The work of Grattan, the work of Tone, the work of O'Connell, your own work in this country, the sympathies of the American people, the stirring up of the slow conscience of the Liberal party in England, the necessities of statesmanship, the necessities of empire, the necessities of peace—all these are bringing about the fruition of our hopes. I do not believe that many years will pass ere those who are here assembled will see at least the restoration of Ireland's parliament, and it would be a grand return after years of exile—not the bitter exile of blood and tears, because on the broad breast of America we have found a generous welcome—if they could return, even for a day, to witness the reenthronement of Ireland as a nation. (Applause.) We have repaid America's welcome with a loyalty that nothing can disturb. (Applause.) We love the green old banner floating there—we love that old banner with its harp, for it recalls to us so many glorious recollections. We love to see it floating there in the free air of America, beside that other splendid banner, whose stars we have helped to illustrate and whose stripes we have dyed to a deeper crimson, with the blood of its Irish defenders, who upheld it on every field of battle upon which it was displayed. (Loud applause.) We are not the less loyal to America because we love the land that bore us, or bore our fathers and mothers. I know there are timid people who say: This is America—let us be Americans. I say there are no people on this soil, not even those born under the shadow of the monument of Bunker Hill, that are better Americans than the Irish-American element of this country. (Applause.) I say, furthermore, that the more they love liberty in Ireland and in other lands, the better Americans they are. America was not created for narrow sympathies. When she drew the sword, she did not call alone on the inhabitants of the colonies. She summoned around her the chivalry of every foreign country: from France, DeKalb, Lafayette and Rochambeau and DeGrasse; from Germany, Von Steuben; from England, Horatio Gates; from the Scots, Paul Jones; from Ireland, Jack Barry and Richard Montgomery. (Applause.) All their swords were drawn and flashed in a conquering circle around the star spangled banner. Their blood flowed in common for that flag. Although a hundred years and more has passed since their valor gave to America the aid which won her liberty, God forbid the day should ever come when America, or the Americans, will be ungrateful to the allies who stood by them in the day of danger. (Applause.)

The Hon. Edmund O'Connell, of Bloomington, Ill., followed in an eloquent address, in which he spoke hopefully of the future of the Irish cause.

The meeting then adjourned to the hall of Donegal Castle, where a model of the O'Connell church was displayed, and the Rev. Father McCarthy, of Cahirciveen, county Kerry, graphically explained the history of the beautiful sacred edifice which was before them in miniature.

In the evening, Mrs. Hart entertained, at dinner, the speakers of the day, Rev. Father McCarthy, Judge Hyde, editor of the *New World*, Mr. John McCulloch, ex-Home Rule member of parliament from Scotland, and some others.

PERSONAL.

Mr. A. S. Trude has been elected president of the school board.

A Ruinous Loss.

Why is it that people in general are so prone to disregard loss of strength, clearly perceptible in bodily shrinkage, failure of appetite, broken rest? Incomprehensible but true. Sheer carelessness, an overweening confidence in the power of nature to recuperate—these are suggestible reasons. One of the most observable signals of danger thrown by distressed nature is waning strength. An efficient tonic is the best safeguard against impending peril. Among the invigorants which modern science has developed and experience approved is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and it occupies the first place. Digestion, renewed by this genial stomachic, compensates for a drain of vital force, and a regular action of the bowels and tranquil condition of the nerves, both insured by its use, co-operate in the complete restoration of vigor. The Bitters remedies liver and kidney trouble and malaria.

BLACKEYED BRITONS

Produced by the Lively Fists of Several Members of Parliament in a Wholesale Riot on the Floor of the House of Commons.

Prize-Ring Tactics Resorted to, With the Result of Facial Damage to Col. Saunderson, the Orange Bravo, and Many Others.

A Most Disgraceful Spectacle.

LONDON, July 27.—The Home Rule question caused a hand-to-hand conflict in the house of commons tonight beside which Donnybrook fair pales into insignificance. All thoughts of dignity were forgotten and the members fought right and left like so many cats and dogs.

On the government programme 10 o'clock this evening was the hour set for the closure of the debate in committee on the Home Rule bill. The parts of the bill left over for the discussions of the last week and for the divisions this evening were the new financial clauses the schedules and the preamble. The galleries were filled with persons expectant of an exciting scene at the close of the committee's labors. Few members were absent from the benches on the floor of the house.

The proceedings early in the evening were tame enough. John Clancy, Parnellite, moved an amendment to the effect that the imperial government should guarantee to Ireland £500,000 annually during the provisional period of six years.

Mr. Gladstone refused to accept the amendment. The financial scheme under discussion, he said, provided fully for the equitable, even liberal, treatment of the new Irish government. If the estimates, which had been made with the greatest care, were realized Ireland would have £512,000 annually assured her.

Mr. Goschen also spoke against Mr. Clancy's motion. The debate continued until just fifteen minutes before the closure was to be applied.

CHAMBERLAIN STARTS THE TROUBLE.

Then Joseph Chamberlain arose to deliver the final broadside of the opposition. He was still smarting under the lash which Mr. Gladstone swung on Tuesday evening, and spoke with corresponding bitterness. After a few scornful and biting words as to the conduct of the members, he began giving his opinion of the closure as applied by the government. The members, he said, were about to witness the last scene in a discreditable farce. The debate on the financial clauses had been a mere sham. The government had stood over friend and foe alike, ready to let fall the guillotine without regard for justice or constitutional rights. The Irish members, as well as the Unionists, were anxious to discuss at length the important financial questions presented by the new clauses, but such discussion was to be cut short. The bill had been changed in its most vital features; still, no debate was regarded as necessary, since, whatever was altered, the bill was always found perfect by the adherents of the prime minister. Jeers from the Irish, cheers from the Unionists and counter-cheers from the Liberals interrupted Mr. Chamberlain at this point. He waited two or three minutes before the confusion abated sufficiently for him to speak without effort. He then proceeded thus:

The prime minister calls "black" and his adherents say it is good. The prime minister calls "white" and they say it is better. (Unionist laughter.) It is always the voice of God. Never, since the time of Herod, has there been such——.

THE STORM BREAKS.

Mr. Chamberlain got no farther. Immediately after resuming his speech he had been warned by mutterings from the Irish benches that a storm was gathering. He could hardly have expected the suddenness with which it broke, for with his half-finished reference to Herod there came from the Nationalists such a roar of indignation as has not been heard in the house since the days of Parnell. Mr. Chamberlain plainly was startled, but he tried to talk on. His voice was inaudible to the members on the next bench. He turned toward the Nationalists, and shrill yells of execration sounded above the uproar.

T. P. O'Connor sprang to his feet and, leaning toward Mr. Chamberlain, shouted "Judas" so loudly that the epithet could be heard throughout the house. The rest of the Irishmen took up the cry and for half a minute shouted "Judas" in chorus.

Chairman Mellor tried to put the closure, but his voice could not be heard amid the shouts of the Irish and Unionists. Then came a scene unprecedented in parliamentary history. Mr. Mellor gave in a weak voice the customary directions to clear the house for a division. As the disorder subsided preparations were made to execute these directions. The Conservatives, however, flatly refused to quit the house. Vicary Gibbs, Gibson Bowles and William Hanbury shouted to the chairman that he must first call Mr. O'Connor to order for having called Mr. Chamberlain names.

Mr. Mellor protested that he had not heard the epithet in question. Nobody told him what Mr. O'Connor had said, so he sat helpless and unenlightened before the house while the members crowded forward in excited groups, shaking their fists and shouting their demands. Gibbs, Bowles and Hanbury got together and to make themselves heard, shouted in chorus at Mr. Mellor: "Will you direct that those words be taken down?"

CURSES AND INSULTS HEARD.

Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Edward Clarke got hold of Mr. Gibbs and started him for the front that he might elucidate the cause of the row to Mr. Mellor, who was making strenuous but vain efforts to learn what the grievance of the Tory trio was. Mr. Gibbs tried to go forward, but in the general jostling and shouting he was so pushed about and confused that he gave up his purpose and Mr. Mellor remained uninformed.

Meantime half the Unionists had climbed to the benches and were shouting, "Gag, gag." Others were struggling in the aisles or between the benches with Radical, Liberal or Irish antagonists. Curses, yells of pain and gross insults were heard on every side. John Logan, Liberal, ran down to the first Opposition bench and began upbraiding Edward Carson, a Tory. As he shook his fist under Mr. Carson's nose George Wyndham and William Fisher jumped to the assistance of their party colleague, seized Mr. Logan by the neck, threw him to the floor head first and then bundled him under a bench.

Somebody smashed Tim Healy's high hat down over his eyes. Healy took off the hat and sprang into the aisle in full fighting posture, just as Mr. Hanbury, still shouting that the chairman must name Mr. O'Connor, was trying to get by. Mr. Hanbury was knocked over a bench by the force of the collision before Mr. Healy struck a blow. A free fight then broke out at the top of the gangway. The center of it was William Redmond, Parnellite, who had taken advantage of the general license to push over Colonel Sunderson, the champion of the men of Ulster. Sunderson was rescued and led the attack on the Parnellites. Blows were struck right and left. Members fell and were picked up by their friends to fight again.

FIGHTING ON ALL SIDES.

The whole space between the front benches was filled with a struggling, cursing mass of members, striking, clawing and upsetting each other. Manful efforts were made to separate the combatants. Both sergeants-at-arms forced their way through the thick of the fight, but as fast as one group was pacified another came to blows. Eventually Mr. Gladstone begged Edward Marjoribanks, a sturdy Liberal, to stop the fighting. Mr. Marjoribanks dug his way through the tangled mass of belligerents, and by repeated appeals in the name of the premier, succeeded in stemming the conflict. Colonel Sunderson emerged first from the crowd of fighters. He was holding a bunch of keys to his black eye. Others followed in more or less damaged condition.

Just as peace seemed assured the door leading to the lobby opened and Dr. Tanner, who had been outside and had heard of the fight but a minute before, came down the house, leaping over the benches in his haste to get into the melee. The sergeant-at-arms caught him half way from the door to the first bench and restrained him until he consented to keep the peace. Mr. Balfour had been absent during the riot. Mr. Gladstone, sitting bolt upright, had watched the scene with inflamed face and an expression of sorrow, indignation and astonishment which will never be erased from the memory of those observing it. Chairman Mellor sent for Speaker Peel as soon as order was restored.

POINT TO GLADSTONE.

When the speaker entered several Conservatives rose, and, pointing to Mr. Gladstone, exclaimed: "There sits the author of it all." While Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Mellor conferred as to what should be done the combatants were comparing notes. Not a few of them showed the effects of rough handling. Timothy Healy had received a hard blow in the face and one cheek was badly swollen. William Redmond also had a bad spot on his face.

The hum of voices died out as Speaker Peel, stern and dignified, took the chair. A slight cheer was given for him and then Mr. Mellor, as chairman of the committee, reported to Mr. Peel, as speaker of the house, what had occurred. Mr. Mellor spoke in a low, sorrowful voice, but the members had become so quiet that not a word was inaudible.

In response to the speaker's request, Mr. Gibbs then made his complaint against Mr. O'Connor's calling Mr. Chamberlain "Judas." Mr. Hanbury and Mr. Johnson, Conservatives, corroborated his statement. The speaker asked Mr. O'Connor to say, on his word of honor, whether or not he used the word "Judas." Timothy Healy, amid loud cries of order, interposed to ask whether no attention would be paid to the refusal of members to enter the lobbies for division. This, he said, was the real reason why the speaker was summoned. Should it not, then, be considered first.

The speaker at once appealed to the party leaders to tell him what had occurred. Cheers and calls for Mr. Gladstone brought the premier to his feet. He said: "I regret to say that neither my eyes nor ears enable me to give a very clear account of the affair." He then gravely described the events as they had been reported to him by his lieutenants and eventually expressed the opinion that the division should be taken before the "Judas" incident should be considered.

Mr. Balfour recounted the version of the fight given him by his colleagues, and at Mr. Healy's request Mr. Mellor again told what he knew of the trouble. Mr. Mellor repeated that he had not heard the offensive expression, but had ordered that it be taken down and then summoned the speaker. Mr. Peel thanked the leaders and Mr. Mellor for their assistance. He added: "I have arrived at the conclusion that the opprobrious expression alleged to have been used was the original cause of the disorder. I feel certain that the gentleman who used the words did so in the heat and irritation of the moment. If he were to simply say he regrets having used them I am quite certain it would be my duty to take no further notice of the affair."

O'CONNOR APOLOGIZES.

Amid Conservative cries of "Withdraw," Mr. O'Connor humbly apologized to the speaker, if any words of his had contributed to bring about this most regretable state of affairs. The speaker said the apology was most ample, that the house could expect no more. "I trust," he added, "that the house will now proceed to business in a manner to do honor to the traditions of the house and not allow any enemy of our institutions to look back——" The rest of the sentence was lost in a storm of cheers.

Col. Saunderson rose as soon as the cheering subsided. Despite frequent interruptions and shouts of "No" from the Irish, he showed how Mr. Eugene Crane, anti-Parnellite, had, without provocation, hit him in the eye. The increasing confusion threatened a renewal of the riot when Mr. Balfour and Timothy Harrington, Parnellite, rose together. Mr. Balfour yielded the floor and the Irish became more tranquil.

Amid laughter and ironical cheers Mr. Harrington said he took part in the conflict only to help the sergeant-at-arms to restore order. He said that he had seen Col. Saunderson strike several members before Mr. Crane hit him.

Thomas Condon, anti-Parnellite, confirmed this statement. The hubbub was renewed in the house. The speaker requested the members to let the subject drop, as it was futile to go back to the disagreeable incidents of the disturbance. Mr. Mellor then resumed the chair.

The new clause was adopted by a vote of 312 to 291. As another clause, which had not been discussed, was to be put to a vote, somebody challenged Mr. Balfour to read it. In an undertone Mr. Balfour said: "No, no; don't have it read." The clause was carried by a vote of 321 to 288. The two other financial clauses were carried without division. The postponement of the fifteenth and sixteenth clauses was adopted by a vote of 316 to 283. The motion that the first schedule stand as part of the bill was carried by a vote of 310 to 277. The second schedule was carried by 290 to 273 amid loud opposition cheers. The rest of the schedules were adopted without noteworthy incidents.

When the committee rose and Chairman Mellor reported to Speaker Peel, presiding over the house, the Home Rule bill as amended in committee, cheer after cheer was given and all hats were waved for Mr. Gladstone by the Liberals and Irish, who were answered by the Unionists with counter cheers. The report stage was fixed for Aug. 7. Adjourned.

THE ABERDEEN IRISH VILLAGE.

The extension of Mrs. Peter White's—the Aberdeen—Irish Village, Midway Plaisance, was opened with eclat last Saturday. The attendance was quite large and the exercises were of an interesting character. Speeches were delivered by Mr. William Dillon, formerly of Denver, brother of John Dillon, M.P., who is now practicing law in this city; Col. Henry F. Donovan and others. THE CITIZEN regrets that want of space prevents a more extended notice of the proceedings.

Resolutions of Condolence.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted at the last meeting of Division No. 1, A. O. H., of East St. Louis, Ill.:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Divine Providence of God to take from our midst our dearly beloved brother, the late Patrick Reynolds, in the vernal age of life, to His celestial mansion of eternal glory to wear the crown of immortality, which his morality gained for him; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of East St. Louis, while bowing to the unsearchable ways of an Omnipotent God, feel their very regretable loss in the demise of so gentle, so amiable, so truly loyal and patriotic a brother whose generous sentiments of filial love and fraternal solicitude were ever predominant in his soul.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Division, and that a copy be transmitted to the bereaved parents and friends of the deceased, whose kindly filial devotion to them was never obliterated from his young and tender mind.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, and that a copy of the resolutions be sent to THE CITIZEN and the *National Hibernian*, of St. Paul, Minn., for publication.

P. C. T. BREEN,
JERM'H T. SULLIVAN,
JOHN J. ARD,
Committee.

Dedicated to the memory of Patrick Reynolds by his Brother Hibernians:

Another Brother from our ranks
To friends has bid adieu.
That calm, sweet face we've looked upon
Has passed beyond our view.
In the sunshine of the spring of life
Like a tender flower cut down;
His heart in mortal slumber rests,
He wears an angel's crown.

His parents, brothers, sisters, friends
Should weep for him no more;
The peaceful glory of God's love
In yon celestial shore,
With an eternal light illuminates
The beauty of his brow;
There, let it shine through God divine,
Through endless years as now.

VISITORS to the famous watering place, Kilkee, county Clare, Ireland, will find the best accommodations at Mrs. Kelly's, 1 and 2 Billow View.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

The morrow came. Shortly after partaking of his daily allowance O'Tracy was summoned to appear before the captain. His irons being taken off, he was conducted to the grand cabin, which he found occupied by only two persons, Capt. Bell and Capt. Esmonde.

To our hero's surprise, the latter was clad in the royal uniform in which he had first seen him—the rich scarlet tunic, laced and beribboned, the slashed pantaloons, the wide-topped boots, the plumed Spanish beaver, the large military wig, and the long Toledo rapier, were all there *en regle*. Since their capture in the preceding May, Esmonde and O'Tracy had been able to exchange but few words, all intercourse between them being strictly forbidden.

"I have sent for you, my man," said the commander, addressing Edmund, "because my friend here, Sir Thomas Esmonde, wishes to see you for the last time ere he goes ashore. He has been closely entreating me in your behalf, but in vain; for as sure as this good ship swims till tomorrow, so sure shall you die the death of a mutineer. But that this is the Sabbath of the Lord you should now be at the yardarm. O'Tracy, I believed you would have made a good and faithful seaman of the Parliament: you have disappointed me, and be that disappointment on your head."

The bluff son of Neptune spoke in solemn and deliberate tones, full of stolid determination. There was a silent and awkward pause, interrupted by Esmonde.

"Capt. Bell, may I ask the favor that my last interview with this young man may be private?"

Without a further word the commander bowed and quitted the cabin. O'Tracy and Esmonde exchanged a warm clasp of the hand.

"My friend," said the latter, gravely, "this is a sad meeting, a sad termination of our acquaintance, or rather friendship—for misfortune has made us friends. Would to heaven I could do anything for you!"

"Many thanks, Sir Thomas——"

"Nay, nay, friend," interrupted the other, smiling, "simply 'captain,' if you please."

"Well, thanks, captain. Then you will bear a message from me to my friends ashore—perhaps it may find them out."

Esmonde cheerfully agreed. Writing materials were on the cabin table, and the condemned youth quickly indicted a short note, addressed to "Owen O'Rourke, Dromahaire Castle, Leitrim"—a note which ran:

"MY DEAR FATHER—I am to die tomorrow for refusing to be a traitor to the old country. I send my love to you, to all the old friends, and above all, to poor Kathleen Ny-Cuirnin. Heaven bless and prosper you, is the last prayer of your loving son,

EMON O'TRACY.

WATERFORD HARBOR, Sunday, the 26th of January, 1645."

Esmonde took the epistle and placed it in his pocket.

"And now, captain," said Edmund, "I congratulate you on your liberty. Good-bye forever. Slan leat, and heaven send you safe."

"Wait awhile, O'Tracy, and I'll show you the mockery of your congratulations, though of course I know you mean no insult. My father, as you are aware, commands in yonder fort. Having learned that I am here, he has summoned me to his presence. I go to him unwillingly—not because of my mother's wrongs, not that my last meeting with him, six years since, was a harsh and stormy one—but that I find him in open league with the king's enemies. I am a loyal cavalier, and my blade shall never draw blood in the service of those cunning Roundheads. But think of it, O'Tracy;—oh, heaven! think that my father should be a traitor!"

Captain Esmonde's emotion was interrupted by a loud uproar on deck, the trampling of many feet, men's voices raised in hoarse command, and the rapid clanking of the pumps. Esmonde hastily quitted the cabin, followed by O'Tracy, who had no sooner gained the deck than a sentry, who was posted with drawn cutlass at the cabin door, seized him by the arm to reconduct him to his place of confinement. At this moment Captain Bell came hurrying past. He halted.

"Sir Thomas," said he, "your boat awaits you, and you had better go ashore at once. The leak is gaining on us."

"In that case, sir," replied Esmonde, "I remain on board. I do not usually flinch from danger."

"Please, sir, the prisoner?" queried the sentry.

"Oh, the devil!" exclaimed the impatient commander, as he rushed off to issue some commands.

A great cry of despair rang through the ship, which was fast settling down into the water. The effects of the late engagement were becoming painfully manifest. A tremendous sea was beating against the vessel's shattered hull, and the water was rushing into her at a dreadful rate. Very soon each succeeding wave swept over her deck, and she gave a few ominous lurches which told of her speedy foundering.

"To the boats! to the boats!" cried a concert of alarmed voices.

Boat after boat was lowered from its davits, only to be swamped immediately by the furious sea. The fate of the ship and her crew seemed inevitable. As for the other vessels of the squadron, they were too far away to render prompt assistance; besides, they were themselves in nearly as bad a plight. And now the crew of the doomed flag-ship, seizing life-buoys, etc., began to leap wildly into the sea. His guard having long since abandoned him, Edmund was free to follow their example, and breathing a prayer for safety, he sprang into the foaming billows.

As he rose to the surface and struck out blindly, a heavy floating substance was launched alongside him, a substance which he grasped with all the instinct of self-preservation. It was a large spar with two men clinging to it, and as he seized hold of it, he heard a wild cry ring loud over the roar of the waves, which caused him to look in the direction of the ship. To his horror he saw the vessel give a last mighty lurch forward, plunge bows under, and go down, he and his two companions on the spar narrowly escaping being drawn into the yawning vortex caused by her sinking.

The returning tide floated the spar up the broad estuary. First one, and then the other of his companions relaxed their grasp and sank for ever. He himself felt as if he should soon follow them. His exertions had reopened the wound in his breast, his limbs were feeble as those of a child, and the bitter cold of the water seemed to freeze the marrow in his bones. Still he held on with desperation, and at length the spar was carried ashore and he felt his feet touch the ground. He crawled a few yards up the beach, out of reach of the waves, and fainted.

He recovered consciousness to meet the gaze of strange faces, to see three men surrounding him, one of whom was holding a flask of brandy to his lips, to see rising above him the cold, gray rock and frowning ramparts of Duncannon, and the dreary shore, littered with wreck, stretching away on either side of him.

"Take heart, comrade," said a gruff voice in his ear; "there's a kick in you yet;—try can you use your legs."

The men assisted him to rise, and he tottered with difficulty to his feet. The features and accent of the men, and the close neighborhood of the fort, convinced him that he was again in the hands of enemies—of enemies that considered him a friend, for his secret lay buried beneath the waves. He looked along the beach, and saw two or three corpses of sailors lying amidst the chaos of stranded barrels and spars. His eye was chiefly attracted by the gleam of scarlet among the rocks. He proceeded towards it, assisted by the men, and saw with a shudder what he had expected to see—the body of poor Esmonde.

"Take up this corpse, friends," said he to his companions, "and bear it into the fort: it is that of a dear relative of your commander."

By this time several other men had approached from the fort, into which Esmonde's body was now carried, our hero following, supported by the arm of an English soldier. The entrance was by a long, narrow flight of stone steps. On entering what he conceived to be the lion's den, Edmund was at once conducted into the presence of the governor.

In a large, vaulted chamber, in the "governor's house," sat Lawrence Lord Esmonde. He was an old man, very infirm and very deaf. His long white locks were pushed back, showing a small, yellow, and wrinkled countenance, denoting great hastiness and acerbity. He wore the military costume of the day, but his head was covered by a small black skull-cap. The deputy governor, Capt. Lurken, stood by his side, and now shouted loudly in his ear:

"The only survivor of the flag-ship, my lord."

"Ha, indeed! Come hither, sirrah; knowest thou aught of Sir Thomas Esmonde—of—of my son, eh?"

"The very worst, my lord," replied Edmund.

"The very worst, my lord," echoed the deputy governor, as before.

"Is—is he drowned?"—and the old man's voice was more cracked and tremulous than usual.

"His body lies in the next room, my lord," answered Edmund again.

"His body is in the next room, my lord," shouted Capt. Lurken.

"Heaven help me!" moaned Lord Esmonde, feebly; "I must look on my son's corpse. Your arm, Lurken, your arm," and he tottered from the room, leaning on the arm of the deputy governor.

In the adjacent chamber lay the body of the ill-fated Sir Thomas Esmonde. It lay on a rough deal table, beneath which a pool was being formed by the water dripping from the soddened garments of the dead man. The eyes were staringly open, the long, wet, cavalier curls were clinging to the pallid cheeks, and the hands were clenched.

"The pockets contained only these, sir," said a soldier, handing a small locket and a damp piece of paper to the deputy governor. The locket opened, disclosing a small miniature. This the old nobleman took and examined attentively.

"It is the likeness of his mother," he cried, with a burst of grief. "Oh, my poor injured boy! my own dear son, dead at my door! It is the judgment of heaven—the judgment of heaven!"

Captain Lurken read the contents of the piece of paper. It was nothing else than Edmund's note to his foster-father, which his friend Esmonde had undertaken to forward for him. During the perusal of the note our hero's apprehensions were no small ones; but at length they were allayed by the words of the reader to him addressed:

"I suppose, my man, you knew this unfortunate fellow O'Tracy, who was to be hanged tomorrow, and who wrote this silly letter to his father—of course you did, but no matter? Likely enough it's all up with the poor devil, whoever he is, by this time; he wasn't born to be hanged, so he's pretty well drowned. As for you, you shall have a change of clothes at once, and, after our doctor sees to that ugly wound in your chest, you shall take a musket in defending the fort. * * * Look to him, my men, and be sure and treat the poor fellow well."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

WALTHAM "REPEATERS."

Sold to "Citizen" Subscribers Only.

$100 Men's Watch for $50!

THE CITIZEN is now for the first time able to offer to its subscribers the celebrated Waltham "Repeaters." These watches were made to sell at more than $100, but we have an option upon a few in solid 14k gold stiffened hunting cases. A Waltham "Repeater" strikes the time within five minutes whenever a spring on the outside of the case is moved. This is a great advantage in many situations. The two silver-toned bells do not add to the size of the watch. No more of these watches will be made. The cases will not be ready before July 1, and readers should register their names at once. An artistic special catalogue will be sent upon application. Price of watch, delivered, $80.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

There's a beautiful realm in the faraway past,
All lovely with sunshine and flowers,
And voices as sweet as the song of the birds
Laugh away the bright, happy hours;
I can hear them now come echoing back,
As I watch the starry dome,
And memory bells chime soft and low—
Home, sweet home.

The voices loved so in that long ago,
And those which make music now,
The coming step and the hand whose touch
Lingers gently on my brow—
I hope to greet in that fadeless realm,
Beyond the starry dome,
Where angel voices welcome breathe to
Home, sweet home.

A Nonpoisonous Disinfectant.

Science has been enriched by a medical discovery as important in the domain of therapeutics as chloroform, laudanum and quinine. The great theory of infection by baccilus forms requires, in order to be fruitful of benefit to mankind, the discovery of a powerful germicide. In carbolic acid, in corrosive sublimate and in potassium permanganate science has made long strides in the direction of adequate antiseptics and bacillicides, but these drugs all have their drawbacks. Now, however, Dr. Worrall, a noted scientist, claims to have found among the coal products a disinfecting body apparently superior to all previous ones.

He has named it izal, and Dr. Klein, after a series of exhaustive laboratory experiments, is said to have found it absolutely destructive of the spores of some of the most intractable and malignant diseases. Unlike most powerful disinfectants, it is nonpoisonous to human beings and may be taken internally diluted, while Dr. Klein's experiments go to prove that, diluted with 200 parts water, izal absolutely destroys the vitality of the microbes of diphtheria, scarlatina, glanders, erysipelas and cholera.—New York Telegram.

A Whist Player.

Colley Cibber was playing cards one night at Tom's coffee house in Russell street, Covent Garden, one of the few houses in London which were only open to subscribers. As the cards were dealt to the playful Colley, "he took up every one in turn and expressed his disappointment at every indifferent one." As the game went on, he did not follow suit, whereupon the testy old general cried out, "What, have you not a spade, Mr. Cibber?" The poet laureate, nothing abashed, looked at his cards and answered, "Oh, yes, a thousand," a reply which drew forth a very short and peevish comment from the general. Colley, who was a very cool customer and was besides "shockingly addicted to swearing," as the narrative says, retorted with "Don't be angry, general, for, damme, I can play 10 times worse if I like."—Temple Bar.

Fire Will Not Destroy It.

Asbestus is a mineral fiber of the hornblende variety. It derives its name from a Greek word which signifies "indestructible by fire." The ancients were familiar with its uses and the modes of obtaining it, yet strange to say always alluded to it as a vegetable production. It was used in all their funeral rites, but particularly where cremation was practiced, the corpse being wrapped in an asbestus cloth so as to keep the ashes of the dead person from mingling with those of the wood or other combustibles used in incineration of the remains. The people of Egypt and many other countries of the ancients, especially the royal and wealthy classes, made towels, napkins, tablecloths, etc., of asbestus and cleaned them by throwing them into the fire.—St. Louis Republic.

Costly Railroads.

The costliest mile of railway is a mile measured on the steel portion of the Forth bridge. The length of this portion is a mile and 20 yards, and the cost of it was considerably over £2,000,000.

The most expensive railway system in the world is the "Inner Circle" line of London, which cost, including the purchase of land, from £600,000 to nearly £1,000,000 per mile. The last constructed mile, between the Mansion house and Aldgate, cost altogether, including "compensations," nearly £2,000,000.—London Letter.

Not a Lecture After All.

"'Scuse me," he said to the other passenger on the rear platform of a Michigan avenue car, "but do you use tobacco?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply of the man as he turned his head and kept his hands folded in front of him. Nothing more was said for 10 long minutes, and then the inquirer coolly drew a plug from his coattail pocket and calmly said:

"So do I. Have a chaw!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Hot Poker Delusion.

An interesting delusion is produced by looking along a redhot poker at some small object (a coin or a letter stuck upon a wall) removed from the eye a distance of from four to six feet. Direct the gaze intently for a few seconds, and you will presently see an inverted image of the object hanging near the end of the poker.—St. Louis Republic.

According to the director of the physical observatory of St. Petersburg, M. Wild, the coldest inhabited spot on earth is the village of Verkhoiansk on the Yana river in northeastern Siberia, about 100 miles north of the polar circle in latitude 67 degrees 34 minutes.

A masterpiece in mechanical construction has been built in Glasgow, a vertical and horizontal planing machine, for the use of marine engineers and others when ordinary planing machines are insufficient.

Bridal favors are of Danish origin. For instance, the true lover's knot was a Danish fancy and took its name from the expression, "Truelofa"—"I plight my troth."

Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs.—Cardinal Wolsey.

NICE YOUNG MAN, BUT A FOOL.

He Is Utterly Too Good, and His Wife Is Sick of Her Bargain.

One of the best girls any fellow ever knew and the pride of a village not a thousand miles from Pittsburg made a fatal mistake when she married. Being such a happy girl, so sensible and so much sought after by the best young men in the neighborhood, every one confidently expected her to make a great catch. But she didn't, and now her neighbors are wondering how it all happened. She married a fool. That explains it all. No need to go into details. The fact that he dressed well and that he moved in good society and was known as a "very nice young man" will not make the case any plainer. He is a fool, and that is all there is about it.

His foolishness consisted largely in believing that the world was not made right, that the people are wrong hearted as well as wrong headed, and that it is the duty of every one to array himself against everything as it exists and keep up a constant grumbling, growling and complaining. This young man was very religious in a sense. He honestly and faithfully endeavored to keep himself unspotted from the world by avoiding contact with it. He went not into bad company, nor did he patronize picnics and evening parties, but staid at home reading good books and thinking how he could spin for himself a cocoon that would keep the outside world away from him. He did not realize the fact that he who has himself for companion and friend is in very poor company.

It was this sort of chap that our model girl married. She ought to have known better, but she mistook his knowledge of books for an evidence of brains and of learning, while the fellow really hadn't two ideas of his own about anything. The inside history of this case shows that she did not love him any better than she had other men, but he was such a nice young fellow that she thought there would be no risk taking him. In fact, she took him in the hope of escaping the very misery she is now suffering. He doesn't beat her with a club, nor does he get drunk and smash the furniture, but he tires her life out by lecturing her, finding fault continually and never commending, and trying to make her understand that her place is at home and that her duty is to him. Their home is dreary and chilly, and their lives about the same.

They are both satisfied that marriage is a failure, and they cannot be made to believe otherwise. It isn't the man who has the least book knowledge that is the biggest fool, nor are those who are short on general information to be classed with numskulls. Some of the most delightful people one may meet are those who are blessed with an abundance of common sense. They know absolutely nothing of Darwin nor of Briggs and not a great deal about electrical science, and they may even eat with their knives, pour their coffee into saucers and blow the soup to cool it, yet with all these shortcomings and defects they are the most delightful people to know. Their hearts are all right, and they understand enough of the science of life to know how to live comfortably themselves and to make others happy.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Water Started These Two Fires.

No principle of natural philosophy is more familiar than the power of water to extinguish fire. And yet, strange to say, water has been known to cause destructive fires, not by an accident, but by direct chemical action. One case of the kind was in a large factory. A flood caused the water to rise to a pile of iron filings, which oxidized so rapidly that they developed great heat and set fire to the nearby woodwork. The building was entirely destroyed.

Another case is still more remarkable. Several engines were throwing water upon a burning building, and the water found its way to another building, which contained quicklime. The slaking of the lime, caused of course by the contact of the water, generated intense heat, and the heat set fire to the building. That was a sarcasm of circumstances, wasn't it?—Philadelphia Times.

Value of Good Cooking.

We masculines have yet to learn that the kitchen is the most important end of the household. If that goes wrong, the whole establishment is wrong. It decides the health of the household, and health settles almost everything. Heavy bread, too great frequency of plum pudding, mingling of lemonade and custards, unmasticable beef, have decided the fate of sermons, legislative bills and destiny of empires. The kitchen knife has often cut off the brightest prospects. The kitchen gridiron has often consumed a commercial enterprise. The kitchen kettle has kept many a good man in hot water. It will never be fully known how much the history of the world was affected by good or bad cookery.—Nashville Advocate.

Why He Chose the War.

When Charles Dudley Warner was the editor of the Hartford Press, back in the sixties, arousing the patriotism of the state by his vigorous appeals, one of the typesetters came in from the composing room, and placing himself before the editor said, "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." With mingled sensations of pride and responsibility Mr. Warner replied encouragingly that he was glad to see that the man felt the call of duty. "Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositor, "but I'd rather be shot than try to set any more of your copy."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Purchasing Safety.

Mr. Oldtimer—I think the pay of legislators nowadays is outrageously high.

Mr. Nowadays—Nonsense, man! You don't know when you are well off. I wish they were paid more.

"More!"

"Certainly. Pay 'em enough to sport steam yachts and race horses. Then they won't be so eternally anxious to sit at their desks and spoil our laws."—New York Weekly.

A Problem of the Future.

There really seems to be no hope for words which we class as common gender, so that we shall perhaps forever hear some people refer to their "lady friend" or their "gentleman cousin." Nor can we desire such a complete differentiation that would compel us to be strictly logical in giving the feminine of "Michigander" or constrain us to follow an example already set in referring to woman's convention as "moving in the even soprano of their ways."

This latter might be improved upon by saying mezzo soprano of her way. But, joking aside, how are we to refer to the presiding officer of an assembly of women? Will Mrs. President do? Or shall we in our rules of parliamentary practice suggest the chair? Perhaps this would answer. But suppose the chair appoints a committee, and in announcing the members desires that Mrs. A. should preside at the deliberations of this committee, how shall she indicate it? Shall she say, "I appoint Mrs. A. chairman" or chairwoman? This latter bears too close a resemblance to charwoman to be popular, and in the broad pronunciation of some might be mistaken for it. Would it do to say chairmistress? If not, what shall we advise?

Again, we are likely soon to see women on our juries, and it is more than probable that one of them would be selected to render the verdict. In such an event confusion might result, inasmuch as our statutes prescribe the functions of the foreman. Shall these states as soon as they admit women on the jury revise their statutes in this regard? If so, what change must be made—foreman or forewoman, foreman or foremistress, or what?—J. Howard Gore in New Peterson.

Advice For Young Rhymesters.

Ridicule and serious advice are both bestowed freely upon youthful versifiers to convince them of what is usually evident to everybody but themselves—that they are not poets.

Poetry, they are told, can only be produced by men and women born to genius and is a sorry recreation for sensible young people, who would do better either to play or to study than to waste time in making rhymes and sentimentalizing. All such nonsense should be put aside, and if writing is to be done at all it should be in plain prose.

In the main the advice is good. Real poets are almost as rare as white blackbirds. Struggling rhymesters who regard themselves as the Great Unrecognized and who think their homely critics ignorant persons who will be confuted in the distant future by the dazzling fame of immortal works they some day will produce are absurd enough. Nevertheless versifying is a gift which may be turned to agreeable use even when it does not approach the realm of poetry.

We do not consider that the person gifted with a facile pencil should not draw lest he should fancy himself an artist. Why then need we discourage the person gifted with a knack at rhyme from versifying lest he should believe himself a poet?

Indeed stern discouragement rather than kindly criticism or judicious praise is what oftenest drives young and ardent writers of verse to believe the power which they know themselves to possess something more important than it is.

Rhyming is a pretty art in itself. There is something winning to most ears in its swing and lilt, and it may frequently be used effectively by amateurs if they will accept the limits of their talent and deal with thoughts and themes which are not imitated, but honestly their own.—Youth's Companion.

The Instincts of Birds.

It is certain that all creatures on the desert show remarkable intelligence, and how they acquire their information is decidedly a puzzle. Suppose, for example alfalfa seed is sown. The place may not have a bird about the day before the seed is put in, but next day a cloud of them will descend upon the spot and faithfully eat every seed. They do their work thoroughly and with praiseworthy industry. Poisoned wheat will check the entire removal of the seed, but the sparrow is never deterred by death, though there are some who affirm a few dead sparrows will have a chastening influence upon the rest. The sparrows with whom I have had personal relations despise death.—Exchange.

NO QUARTER will do you as much good as the one that buys Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. This is what you get with them: An absolute and permanent *cure* for Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels. Not just temporary relief, and then a worse condition afterward—but help that *lasts*.

Pleasant help, too. These sugar-coated little pellets are the smallest, the easiest to take, and the easiest in the way they act. No griping, no violence, no disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation.

They come in sealed vials, which keeps them always fresh and reliable; a convenient and perfect vest-pocket remedy. They're the *cheapest* pills you can buy.

CONSUMPTION
SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C., No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

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OHIO IN THE CHAIR.

Allen Thurman Presides Over the Silver Convention.

A STRICT WATCH ON CREDENTIALS.

None but Sixteen to One Men Permitted to Be Delegates—Remarks by Gov. Waite and ex-Gov. Routt—Convention at Work—The Washington End of the Fight—Livingston of Georgia Has an Idea, and Two Populists Have Another.

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—Silverites from the east, the south and the west have arrived in this city. The western men predominate; they come in regular delegations, in organized bodies, while those from the south and east are fewer in numbers and from scattered sections. The Colorado delegation was the first of any size to put in an appearance, 100 of these arriving at the Palmer House at 9 o'clock in the morning, and twice that number more arriving on the night trains. It was the most representative of all the delegations on account of the eminent men in the body. Governor Waite is chairman of the delegation and immediately on its arrival he took possession of the headquarters in the Palmer House and received a stream of callers all day long.

Talk of Some of the Leaders.

"I shall not be a candidate for chairman of the convention," he said, "and have not authorized the use of my name. I have no preference for chairman. Our delegation demand an expression in favor of free coinage of silver at the ratio of 1 to 16. That is the ratio and represents the expense of silver production with a slight margin of profit to the miner."

Among the leading men in the delegation are Ex-Senators Hill and Tabor, Judge Rising and ex-Governor Routt. The latter said: "The situation in Colorado has been greatly misrepresented. This talk about 10,000 idle men en route to the east is the creation of an imaginative mind. There are not above 500 men working their way eastward on the freight trains. We have not over 20,000 people all told in the state who were thrown out of work. We are no worse than other states, and these misrepresentations are purposely made.

Doings of the "Money Power."

"Colorado is all right. True, values have gone down rapidly since the British government suspended free coinage in India, but not much more than the reduction of values in the east. We have been sandbagged by the money power whose interest lies in the further contraction of the currency of the country, and how men can be brought to believe that the demonetization of $400,000 of silver will help the financial condition of the country I cannot understand. This scare of the past three months which has locked up so much money in safe deposit vaults is an object lesson of the effect of a contraction of the circulation that will not be lost upon the people of the country."

Reagan of Texas for Chairman.

Ex-Senator Reagan, now commissioner of railroads for Texas, was among the first arrivals at the Grand Pacific. The ex-senator has not lost his interest in silver, which he championed in congress, and is among the most enthusiastic delegates to the convention. A boom was started early in the day for Reagan as permanent chairman of the convention, which assumed some proportions when General Warner announced that he would not be a candidate for the chairmanship and favored the selection of Reagan. Among the southern men present in the city is J. H. McDowell, of Tennessee, chairman of the People's party committee of that state, and one of the ablest and most astute politicians in the south.

CHOSE A DARK HORSE.

Allen W. Thurman to Be Chairman of the Convention.

Notwithstanding that the move to make Reagan chairman of the convention developed considerable strength, that position will go to a dark horse, who had not figured to any extent in the preliminary forecast and discussion about the hotel corridors, in the person of Allen W. Thurman, of Ohio, son of ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman. Early in the day General Warner sent out a private call to the leaders of the various states to meet him in conference at the Palmer House. It was 9 o'clock when the meeting opened with with Tom Patterson, of the Roky Mountain News, as doorkeeper. None was admitted but those whose interest and prominence in the movement were unquestioned.

General Warner presided, and an informal expression of opinion followed along the line that England, struggling for the monetary supremacy of the world, had ever since the Napoleonic war pressed the gold standard upon the nations of the earth, until the conflict had narrowed down to the United States, and now its demands had to be checked or absolute slavery to English influence must prevail. The conference declared that no interference must be permitted in the convention by men not in harmony with free coinage at the standard of 1 to 16, and that this end might be accomplished it was decided to support a permanent chairman, and the unanimous choice fell upon Thurman, who was designated as "sound to the core."

The Kansas delegation, numbering several hundred people has arrived at the Great Western hotel, which is also the headquarters for the Nebraska and Iowa delegations. The convention opened this morning and Mayor Harrison delivered the address of welcome, after which organization was begun, committees were appointed and other preliminary business was attended to.

THE GOSSIP AT WASHINGTON.

Scramble for House Positions—Plan of a Georgia Populist.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—Although congress will assemble in a week very few members have as yet put in an appearance. Less than a score of representatives and a dozen senators are here. Ex-Speaker Crisp is non-committal on all current topics. Of course there is the usual speculation about the committees and other matters that interest congressmen, but nothing of fact has developed. Surprise is expressed that the customary call for a Democratic house caucus has not yet been issued. Holman is the chairman of the caucus and it is his function to issue this call, but he has not yet arrived in Washington. This delay worries the people who have aspirations in in the directions of house patronage.

Judge Livingston, Democratic-Populist representative, of Georgia, has a plan by which he hopes to bring the silver question before congress promptly. He says that at the first opportunity he can get he intends to introduce a joint resolution defining the policy of the government and declaring it to be the intention of this congress to maintain the use of gold and silver as a currency on a parity with each other. "This," said Livingston, "will be a notice that we are favorable to a bimetallic currency and I have no doubt that it will be adopted. We can then go about the consideration of the details more at leisure and effect the relief that is sought.

"I am one of those who do not believe that the repeal of the Sherman law will prove an adequate remedy for the ills fro which we are suffering. My people are in favor of the repeal of that law, but they will insist upon something to take its place. Even free coinage will not suffice. The south will be the last in the matter of forcing free coinage, but will join hands with the north and east in fixing the ratio."

FAILED TO BUY THE LIMIT.

Only 2,284,000 Ounces of Silver Bought in July Under Sherman's Law.

WASHINGTON, Aug 1.—For the first month since the passage of the Sherman silver law the treasury last month failed to buy the full quota of 54,500,000 ounces of silver. The total purchase for July was 2,384,000 ounces, leaving a shortage of 2,116,000 ounces. The two Populist members of congress from Colorado—Messrs. Pence and Pell—were at the treasury and had an interview with Secretary Carlisle and Acting Mint Director Preston. They were in Preston's room at the time he rejected all the day's offers of silver and made the counter offer of $0.7030 per ounce.

Both of them were much concerned about what they claimed was an effort of the treasury department to "bear" the price of silver in the markets of the world. The silver men indicate a purpose to precipitate a silver discussion on the first working day of the extra session of congress by a resolution of inquiry as to whether or not the secretary of the treasury has exceeded his authority in refusing to purchase 5,000,000 ounces of silver in July, as provided by the Sherman law.

RIOTOUS LABOR AT ASHLAND

Attacks Non-Union Men and Police and Routs Them Both.

ASHLAND, Wis., Aug. 1.—The trouble between the union and non-union men at the lumber docks in this city culminated in a fight in which a number on both sides were injured. On Saturday all of the mill owners excepting Mr. Shores gave in to the demands of the union men for 50 cents per hour. Shores refused flatly to pay it and stated that he would get non-union help. These men were put to work, but no sooner did the union men at work on other docks get wind of it than they attacked the Shores dock.

This was guarded by the chief of police, sheriff and deputies. A fierce fight resulted in which a number of the union men were badly clubbed and one shot, but not fatally. The men finally succeeded in reaching the boats and put the non-union men to rout. Then they returned to their work, but later about twenty of them were arrested on various charges.

After this riot the scene changed. The authorities not being able to gurrantee the right of a non-union man to earn his living, immediately after dinner the proprietors of the different saw-mills here, including Judge Cochrane, Alderman Payne, and ex-Mayor Durfee, went to the Shores mill and began assisting Shores to load lumber on his boat. It was a curious sight to see wealthy lumber mill owners shoving lumber, and the striking union men made no attempt to molest them. About thirty special police were sworn in at noon and are now guarding the mill owners while they are at work.

The Latest Lynchings.

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—Following is the lynching record: At Gaston, S. C.—two negroes for rape on a white woman, first beaten with a buggy trace by each of several lynchers until their skin was in shreds; an eye of one then kicked out. The hanging was this way: The victim was placed on a pile of railway ties, and the ties knocked out one by one, thus prolonging the agony while the crowd was delighted. Grand finale, a fusillade of bullets riddling the negroes.

Gov. Lewelling's Scheme.

TOPEKA, Kan., Aug. 1.—Governor Lewelling has announced that he will appoint a commission in a few days to visit Chicago to confer with representatives of European governments regarding his plan to ship the products of the Mississippi valley to European countries via the Mississippi river, Gulf of Mexico, and the Atlantic ocean. He says the farmers would save millions of dollars by that route.

Scores on the Diamond.

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—Following are the League records at base ball: At Louisville—Cincinnati 14, Louisville 7; at St Louis—Pittsburg 4, St. Louis 11; at Chicago—Cleveland 16, Chicago 9; at Washington—Baltimore 3, Washington 2; at Brooklyn—New York 0, Brooklyn 3; at Boston—Philadelphia 4, Boston 11.

Three Bodies Washed Ashore.

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—The bodies of three young men have washed ashore at Fort Sheridan. They proved to be those of Harvey Marlowe, Themistocles Fiambolis and William B. Cornish, who were drowned by the capsizing of the yacht Chesapeake July 9 during a sudden squall.

Retribution Was "Onto" Him.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 1.—The mysterious death H. J. Hedland, the anarchist who was burned in his house, has been explained by his wife. She confessed that he burned the house in order to obtain the $1,100 insurance on it and before he could escaped was cremated.

Lit the Fire With Kerosene.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 1.—The house of J. H. Langevin, a farmer near Olga, N. D., was burned through lighting a fire with kerosene. Two of his children were burned to death and Langevin and his wife were so badly injured that their recovery is doubtful.

Increase in Kansas' Woman Vote.

TOPEKA, Kan., Aug. 1.—Returns received at the headquarters of the several women's political organizations in this city show that the women vote at the school elections in the country districts of Kansas last Thursday shows an increase of about 100 per cent.

Assigned to Save Their Creditors.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia., Aug. 1.—A. Daniels & Co., of Marion, private bankers, have made an assignment for the benefit of all their creditors. It is believed they will reopen in a few days and that all creditors will be paid in full.

CHICAGO THE MECCA.

Colorado Miners and Other Unemployed Headed That Way.

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—Chicago is the Mecca of the east-bound army of unemployed. Fully one-half of those leaving Colorado have this point in view as the terminus of their trip. One thousand persons of this class arrived on incoming trains. Trainmen say the crowd of unemployed swarm about the freight cars and in many cases force the roads to carry them. They are too numerous to put off bodily. They come on every road. The Wabash, Rock Island, Northwestern, Chicago and Alton, and Chicago, Burlington and Quincy lines all bring in big delegations every day.

Many of the men are respectable mechanics and are fairly well dressed. They explain that the mines have shut down and all classes of employment are consequently restricted in the silver regions. The railroads are reducing operatives and factories are being closed down. Chicago at the present time is full of unemployed. The construction work incidental to the World's fair has stopped, and the city is in poor condition to care for the armies from the west. In case the influx keeps up the city authorities may be called upon to invent means for caring for the crowds.

THE KAISER AT COWES.

Received by the Prince of Wales and a Distinguished Party.

LONDON, July 31.—Emperor William, on board the imperial yacht Hohenzollern, has arrived at Dover from Kiel. Count von Hatzfeldt, German ambassador to Great Britain, was at Dover awaiting the arrival of the yacht. He at once embarked and the Hohenzollern proceeded westward for the Solent. Some miles east of Spithead the royal yacht Osborne, with the Prince of Wales and a distinguished party on board, met the Hohenzollern, and after exchanging signals with the German yacht, sailed in her company to Cowes, Isle of Wight.

As the two yachts entered the Solent salutes in honor of the German emperor were fired at Portsmouth and Cowes. The Solent presented a beautiful appearance, the water being studded with yachts and pleasure craft, all of which were decorated with German and British flags. The emperor was given an enthusiastic reception. He will witness the races off the Isle of Wight during his stay. His majesty's yacht Meteor, formerly the well-known cutter Thistle that was defeated in the races for the American cup in 1887 by the Volunteer, is entered in some of the races.

Lynching at Denver.

DENVER, Col., July 27.—Daniel Arata, the Italian murderer, was taken from the jail in this city at 11 o'clock at night and hanged by an immense mob. Several bullets were also fired into his body. B. C. Lightfoot, an old grand Army man of this city, entered the saloon in the bottoms kept by Arata, an Italian of unsavory fame. Lightfoot asked for a glass of beer and paid for it. When he had drank it Arata asked him to have another drink. Lightfoot, supposing it to be a "treat," accepted and started to leave the place. Arata stopped him and demanded pay for the beverage. Lightfoot did not have the necessary money and the Italian, picking up a chair, brutally assaulted him, knocking out his left eye at the first blow. The murderous bartender followed his attack, literally beating the poor old man, who was 60 years of age and rather childish, nearly to death. But he was not quite dead, and to make sure of his victim Arata shot him through the heart.

Wheat Practically Unsaleable.

CHICAGO, Aug 1.—Wheat on the board of trade was for a few moments practically unsaleable. Brokers wildly offered it at 1, 2, 3 and finally 3½ cents lower than it was fetching on Saturday before buyers would accept any of the offers. September wheat sold down to 57¾ cents per bushel and cash wheat was then worth only 58¾ cents. Those are the lowest prices the contract grade of wheat ever sold for in Chicago. Lyon & Hurlbert were caught by the decline with more wheat than they could take care of and ordered the property sold out at what it would bring. Their liabilities are supposed to amount to about $50,000, to pay which they claim that they have ample assets, with time to realize upon them.

Negro Lynchings in the South.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—The Sun's special from Columbia, S. C., says: Two negroes who committed an assault upon Mrs. Sightler of Gaston were lynched. They were Will Thompson, an overgrown 16-year-old negro, and Tom Preston. Before being hanged fifty lashes were laid upon their backs and afterward a hundred men fired into the bodies with pistols, shotguns and rifles. Hardly a square inch of their bodies escaped a bullet.

WATER VALLEY, Miss., July 31.—News reached here from Paris, Lafayette county eighteen miles from here, that Will Steen, a negro, was hanged by a mob. No particulars of the affair have been received.

Crushed to Death by Lumber.

PORTLAND, Or., Aug. 1.—Frank Anderson, aged about 30, was found dead in a lumber car at Celilo. The car, which was shipped from Portland to Chicago, was loaded with heavy timbers and plank, short ones being on the bottom and long ones on top, thus forming a narrow recess in which Anderson had hidden himself. By sudden stoppage of the train at some point on the journey the lumber had shifted, the heavy timber crushing the man's head like an eggshell. Death must have been instantaneous.

Congressman Chipman Ill.

DETROIT, Aug. 1.—Congressman J. Logan Chipman of the First district is lying in a precarious condition at Harper hospital. He has been ill for several weeks. Pneumonia developed and he was taken to the hospital. He took a sudden turn for the worse and it is feared that he cannot live the day out.

Death of a World's Fair Official.

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—Ex-State Senator Donald McNaughton of Rochester, N. Y., chief executive officer of the New York state commission at the World's fair, is dead. He died of ulceration of the bowels. He had been confined to his room in the New York state building for the past ten days.

Bank Failure at Ashland, Wis.

ASHLAND, Aug. 1.—The First National bank of Ashland has suspended. There has been a steady run on the bank during the last month. The resources, according to its last report, aggregate $496,438. Runs are in progress on the other banks of the city.

SIAM YIELDS TO FRANCE

The Latter's Ultimatum Accepted in Its Entirety.

War Clouds Which Hung Low for Some Days Are Now Lifting and a Settlement of the Imbroglio Will Soon Be Effected According to Present Appearances.

LONDON, July 31.—The Siamese legation in this city has received a dispatch from Bangkok stating in effect that the Siamese government, learning that France regards its reply to the ultimatum as a refusal to grant the French demands, and being most desirous of maintaining peace, has telegraphed instructions to the Siamese minister at Paris to inform M. Develle, the French foreign minister that Siam accepts the ultimatum in its entirety. The dispatch adds that the Siamese government hopes that the blockade will cease; that diplomatic negotiations will be resumed, and that an early settlement of the troubles will be effected. The substance of the ultimatum was as follows:

1. A recognition of the rights of Annam and Cambodia on the left or eastern bank of the Mekong river as far north as the 23d parallel of latitude.

2. The evacuation within a month of the forts held by the Siamese on the east bank of the river.

3. Full satisfaction for various Siamese aggressions against French ships and French sailors on the Menam river.

4. The punishment of the culprits and provision for the pecuniary indemnity of the victims.

Large Indemnity.

5. An indemnity of 2,000,000 franks for various damages sustained by French subjects.

6. The immediate deposit of 3,000,000 francs to guarantee the payment of the fourth and fifth claims, or the assignment of the taxes in certain districts in lieu of the deposit of 3,000,000 francs.

This ultimatum was sent on July 19, and fourty-eight hours were allowed for Siam to make answer to the French demand. On July 21 M. Pavie, the French minister at Bangkok, presented the ultimatum to Prince Devawongso, the Siamese foreign minister. On July 23 Siam replied that the king was at a loss to understand what the rights of Annam and Cambodia were on the left bank of the Mekong river. The king expressed his willingness to abandon all the territories over which the existance of these rights could be proved and called attention to the fact that five months previously he had proposed to submit all the territorial questions to international arbitration. In the interest of peace, however, the king offered to surrender the territory as far north as the eighteenth degree of latitude, but no further, and proposed that the islands in the Mekong river be used in common by Siam and France. All the other points of the ultimatum were conceded.

Not Satisfactory.

This answer was not satisfactory to France and subsequently M. Pavie withdrew from Bangkok on a gunboat and the French warships in the Menam river went to Koh-Si-Chang, an island near the head of the Gulf of Siam, where they joined the French fleet under the command of Admiral Humann. France then determined to blockade the Siamese coast. There is serious doubt as to the time the blockade was to be made effective. The French government informed the British government that the blockade would begin July 31, but the British minister at Bangkok later informed the British foreign office that it had commenced on July 26. Lord Rosebery, the British foreign minister, asked the French government for a prompt explanation of this conflict in dates, but the answer has not yet been made public. With the acceptance of the ultimatum by the Siamese government, the war cloud in the east, of course, passes over.

SHOT A BURGLAR.

A Plucky Young Texan's Experience in Ohio.

RAVENNA, July 28.—Pierce Converse of San Antonio, Tex., visiting at the home of N. Converse, a wealthy merchant here, shot a man who gave his name as Frank Edwards of Philadelphia, just before daylight. The burglar returned the shot doubly, two balls taking effect. The knight of the jimmy received a terrible wound in the abdomen, but escaped with the lad's clothes, only to fall on a neighbor's porch, moaning in agony. He was taken to the sheriff's office and later removed to a cell in the county jail.

The young Texan was seen by a reporter before the doctors arrived. He is still full of grit, bnt in terrible shape. The man at the jail breathes heavily, and there is no possible chance for his recovery. It is thought both will die. Pierce Converse was accompanied here by his grandmother, Mrs. A. C. Allen, a noted lady of Houston, Tex., who has lots of money. He had a presentment of a plot to rob her, and slept on a cot at the door of her room. It is thought Edwards followed them from Texas. The burglar said as he lay on an iron cot, unattended and alone: "I am sorry for the boy, and hope he will recover. It's hard for me to breathe and I won't last long."

Severe Test for Amick's Remedy.

CINCINNATI, July 31.—Dr. W. C. Peaslee, of Salt Lake City, who, it was feared, would die on his way here to place himself under the Amick treatment for consumption at the Cincinnati hospital, reached here almost too weak to speak, but confident of being cured.

Help Wanted at Fifield, Wis.

ASHLAND, Wis., July 31.—The condition of the fire sufferers at Fifield, Wis., is appalling. Forty families are destitute and have neither food nor shelter. Many are ill from exposure. Ashland will send a car load of provisions and bedding.

Carried to Death by a Cloudburst.

DENVER, Aug. 1.—A cloud-burst at Black Hawk, Col., swept through the streets of the place, doing considerable damage and carrying Chris Smith, proprietor of the Little hotel, down to his death.

Receiver for the N. Y., L. E. & W.

PHILADELPHIA, July 31.—Judge Dallas of the United States circuit court has appointed John King and John G. McCullough receivers of the New York, Lake Erie and Western railroad.

Made an Assignment.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Aug. 1.—The Springfield Savings bank, with a capital of $25,000 and deposits of about $100,000, made an assignment. The bank is solvent and will pay in full.

1893 August. 1893

Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

HANGMAN'S DAY.

Two Executions in Texas and One in South Carolina.

DALLAS, July 31.—Henry Miller, colored was hanged in the county jail for the murder of Police Officer C. O. Brewer, May 24, 1892. Brewer was killed in a street fight between the police and Miller, and Miller claimed to the last that Brewer was accidentally killed by member of the police force while they were shooting at him. On the other hand, the police shots, from the position of the parties, indicated that Brewer could not have been killed in this way. Miller mounted the gallows with a firm step and a cigar in his mouth. He was very religious and was very enthusiastic over the prospect of going direct to heaven. He said he loved everybody and was only sorry he could not take every one present to heaven along with him. His neck was broken by the fall, but life was not extinct for fifteen minutes. This was the third legal execution in the history of the county, a negro having been the subject in every case.

Negress Hanged for Murder.

CHARLESTON, S. C., July 31.—Ada Hiers, a negress, was hanged at Walterboro for the murder of her half-brother. She confessed on the scaffold that her aged father, who was also convicted, but respited by Governor Tillman, had nothing to do with the crime.

Confessed on the Gallows.

BASTROP, Tex., July 31.—Alex Brown was hanged here for wife murder. He made a full confession on the gallows. Before execution he cut his throat, severing the windpipe, which prolonged his life after the drop, air getting into the lungs.

BUNGLING EXECUTION.

The Electric Chair Breaks and the Dynamo Gives Out.

AUBURN, N. Y., July 27.—William G. Taylor was electrocuted in the prison here. Taylor brutally murdered a fellow convict who had offended him in some way.

The electrocution of Taylor was not a success. The footrest of the chair broke and the dynamo gave out, so that a second current could not be applied. He was not dead from the first contact and soon began breathing heavily. He was placed on a cot and conveyed back to his corridor, where he continued breathing and groaning with pulse growing stronger. Taylor was carried again to the chair and a current from a city electric light dynamo was passed through his body. The second attempt proved successful.

Battle with Outlaws.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—A special to The Sun from Vinita, I. T., says: United States Deputy Marshals Peck, Bruner and Posey had a battle with four outlaws a few miles west of this city, in which one of the outlaws was killed and another severely wounded and captured. The dead man lived three hours after being shot and stated that he had participated in the Mountain Valley bank robbery and belonged to the Wooster gang of cow and horse thieves that have been stealing and plundering in the district west of this place for more than a year. His name is Ralph Holleck, alias Roxie, and his home is at Udall, Kan.

Secretary Smith on Pensions.

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—While Secretary "Hoke" Smith was in the city en route to Washington from a trip west, he referred to the pension policy as follows: "The policy of the department, so far as the secretary is concerned, is to enforce the law as it was enacted by congress. No pensioner who has once proven his claim will be asked to do so again." To allow a pension without regard to whether the applicant can earn a living was, he said, a clear violation of the law of 1890, and the department was simply going to enforce that law as passed.

On the Way to the Fair.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—The Archbishop of Zante, Greece, with his secretary, both in native dress, are at Manhattan Beach. They were accompanied by Constantine D. Livierate and the Greek consul and other New York friends. The archbishop, who is a man of noble presence, speaks English, and says he is on his way to the World's fair. He has long wanted to visit America, the country of progress and of great thoughts, and would stay until October and hoped to master the language perfectly before leaving for home.

The Whisky Explains It.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Aug. 1.—A track walker on the Burlington road discovered, lying in the ditch near this city, two men, one living and one dead. The dead man was horribly mangled and was evidently instantly killed. The living man also received terrible injuries and will die. Two large bottles of whisky were found on the bodies. The dead man was Thomas Ryan and the injured man's name is Alvin Washer.

Frightful Tragedy in Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 1.—A special from Antigo, Wis., says: William Nunemacher, a farmer, killed his wife and babe and two boys aged 5 and 3 years by dashing out their brains. He then plunged head first from a window in an attempt to kill himself. He is still alive and paralyzed. The cause of the quadruple murder and suicide is said to be the fear that the family would die from starvation.

She Wedded a Chinese Doctor.

PEORIA, Ills., Aug. 1.—Dr. Lee Ling, a Chinese physician of Chicago and Miss Lizzie B. Fairman, an American girl of the same city, were married here by Rev. McAlphine of the Universalist church. The bride is a very pretty girl of 18. Dr. Ling is 30 years of age and claims to have a good practice, not only among the people of his own nationality but also the better class of Americans.

THE NEWS CONDENSED.

Items of Interest Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

R. J. Tanner, the cowboy who started out on a broncho for a trip around the world, has reached Canton, Ills.

Burglars entered the postoffice at Connor Falls, Minn., and secured $300 in cash and notes.

Minneapolis' new directory shows its population to be 222,707.

Dr. Herman Hirschberg, 383 West Goodale street, Columbus, O., shot and killed Theodore K. Meisse, butcher, Goodale street and Harrison avenue. Hirschberg went there to collect a professional bill. He says he was assaulted by Meisse. No other person was present.

Frisco Wimians, postmaster at Palmer, Ind., was drowned while bathing in the river.

Gotfried Mast, who brutally cut and beat Mr. and Mrs. Kassbrick of Hillsboro, Ills., during his search of their home for hidden money, committed suicide by hanging himself in his cell in the jail with a towel.

Charles Woodruff, a Lexington, O., business man, was drowned while bathing.

Nicholas Cultum, a farmer living near Frankfort, Ind., committed suicide by cutting his throat. No cause has been assigned.

Arbuckle Bros.' Arica coffee mills at Brooklyn announced that those mills had closed down because of depression in trade. Over 800 persons were employed there.

* * *

E. Rosewater of Omaha, has come out in favor of the foreclosure of the first mortgage on the Union Pacific. This would wipe out the second mortgage and the stock.

The double track of the Pennsylvania between Pittsburg and Massillon, O., is completed. Further double tracking has been abandoned for the present.

Mrs. Williams, wife of the general manager of the Nelson Morris meat depot at Alleghany City, Pa., cowhided Mrs. Theodore Myer, on account of jealousy. The parties to the case are among the fashionable residents of Alleghany City. Sensational suits will follow.

The Texas anti-scalper law goes into effect Aug. 1. It provides a penalty for the holder of a ticket who sells it to anybody but a railroad.

The Philippine islands export more than 100,000 cigars annually, almost 3,000 tons of coffee, and 200,000 tons of sugar.

Naltkenhoff of Geneva says there are 311,000 blind persons in Europe, mostly from fevers, and that 75 per cent. would have kept their sight had they been properly treated.

* * *

Chris Hawk, a wealthy farmer living near Hedrick, Ia., was instantly killed by falling under a sulky rake.

W. H. Dawkins and Arthur Buckingham were arrested at Dixon, Ills., charged with stealing a team of horses and a buggy. Henry Hoberland of Marshalltown, Ia., identified the property as his. The men were held.

Robert Morrison, a stockman, was fatally injured at Crawfordsville, Ind., by his horse falling on him.

The American schooner Hannah McLoon, from Havana and Matanzas, has arrived at Delaware breakwater with the captain on board dead from yellow fever. Five other cases occurred on the voyage.

The increase in national bank circulation during July, so far, has been $5,868,750.

Charles McGinnis of Princeville, Ills., was killed by a freight train at Peoria.

Alexander Blessing of Wesley City, Ills., was killed by a runaway horse at Peoria.

A boiler flue in the mill of the Weatherwax Lumber company collapsed at Olympia, Wash., instantly killing William Welch, fireman, and fatally injuring three others.

* * *

The Louisville and Nashville railroad has closed its shops at Louisville for this week, and will make a permanent reduction of 25 per cent. in its force.

Two prisoners escaped from the jail at Paxton, Ills., while the sheriff was engaged in subduing another prisoner who had assaulted him with a bar of iron.

One shaft of the Bessemo mines at Ishpeming, Mich., has been closed. It is expected that work at all the shafts of the company will be stopped unless pay is forthcoming.

The real estate firm of Robert Leslie & Co. of Cincinnati assigned to Joseph T. Harrison. Assets estimated at $120,000; liabilities, $63,000.

Edward Cooper of Piqua, O., was crushed to death by a falling log.

Baltimore board of trade men passed resolutions condemning the Sherman act.

H. S. Wilmot and Samuel S. Smith have started from Philadelphia to walk to San Francisco. They expect to accomplish the journey in about one hundred and fifty days.

* * *

Charles Snider, a young farmer of Hancock county, Ia., has mysteriously disappeared. Foul play is feared.

Alvin Litzinger returned to Clay City, Ind., to see his mother after an absence of three years and was immediately arrested for the seduction of Ella Packett.

That Tired Feeling

The marked benefit which people overcome by That Tired Feeling derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." J. B. Emerton, a well known merchant of Auburn, Maine, says: "About five years ago I began to suffer with very severe pains in my stomach, gradually growing worse. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, being convinced that I was troubled with Dyspepsia complicated with Liver and Kidney troubles. I improved at once and am certainly very much better and feel more like working.

Mr. J. B. Emerton.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

always gives me relief and great comfort. It is a God-send to any one suffering as I did."

HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 5, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week;

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Mr. Nat C. Goodwin.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Lillian Russell Opera Co.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Denman Thompson.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, betwee Dearborn and Clark—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

SHOT ROSSA FOR A MILLION DOLLARS

There appeared recently in the columns of the *United Irishman*, New York city, the subjoined singular and startling statement by the celebrated English Radical, Henry Labouchere:

"MR. O'DONOVAN ROSSA—I am in possession of a little information that may be of some interest to you. In the records of the department of the Secret Service Bureau in London, there is an entry made of a payment of £200,000 in connection with your name. It reads this way: 'New York, Dudley-Rossa, £200,000.' The entry is made in a block-book or day-book—a kind of memorandum book—that is kept for the day, and afterwards copied into a more important book, wherein is recorded the purpose of the work for which the money paid, and the name of the person to gets the money. You can make whatever use you like of this information in giving you. LABOUCHERE."

Commenting on the above O'Donovan Rossa says:

'I do not know what use to make of it, only to publish it. I have felt for years that England desired to have me dead, and to have my work dead, and that she had agents employed to have the two things done. England's influence in New York is powerful, and I have felt it strong against me in every move I have made to go ahead. There is no doubt that the Dudley woman was sent over to kill me, she having the assurance that nothing would happen to her if she did kill me. There is no doubt that she was given back to England after she shot me. I was giving a lecture in Syracuse a few years ago. At the hotel I met the reception committee, of which Lawrence McGrath, 223 Kellogg street, was chairman. With them was the Hon. Robert McCarthy. In the course of the conversation Mr. M'Carthy said, 'Rossa, after that Dudley woman shot you, there were strong efforts made from New York to have her given back to England. She was in the Utica asylum; I am one of the directors of that institution, and when the application was made to me to have her taken back to England I opposed it. I said if she was given up to any one it is to the criminal courts of New York she should be given up.' But she is back in England now, and if there was any Irish public spirit, or any American public spirit in New York, it would demand to know how it was that the Dudley woman was given back to England. That being made known it would be easy to guess who it was that all of a sudden became an American millionaire through English blood-money.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA."

THE CITIZEN cannot confess any great degree of surprise at Mr. Labouchere's discovery. The English government, from its first establishment in Ireland, has never hesitated to commit any necessary crime to overcome Irish opposition to its rule: and this is particularly true where fighters to the death, like Rossa, are concerned. Dudley, the she-wolf, was a practical assassin—not a Corday but a coward, who struck her victim, or intended victim, in the back. All America was enraged aguinst Rossa at the time, or the wretch in petticoats, who attempted his murder, would not have been delivered back to her fiendish employers. The American people, living in a free country and accustomed to free conditions, unused to the horrors of eviction and starvation which Rossa witnessed in his youth, and, moreover, having never experienced the devilish punishments of an English prison, cannot understand his peculiar thoroughness, in Irish politics. If Oliver Cromwell, or Lord Camden, were alive they could interpret for them, because those worthies were as "thorough" from the English standpoint as Rossa is from the Irish. We may remark, en passant as it were, that nearly all Irish reforms worth having have been passed since Rossa and his school of "skirmishers" appeared on the Anglo-Irish stage. This may be merely accidental, but we state the fact. By the way, why not name the "millionaire?" Innuendoes only work mischief.

THE "MOTHER OF THE PRIZE RING."

The American press has had the laugh on England because of the P. R. scenes recently enacted in her house of commons. The English press is foaming with rage over "the incident," which it pretends to believe has had no precedent in English history. This is a mistake. Scenes of horrible disorder occurred in the commons during the reign of Charles I. At his trial by the parliamentary commission there was a scene of violence, and, at one time, an officer ordered his men to fire into the galleries, because of an interruption. Riots, just stopping short of fisticuffs, have been of frequent occurrence in the commons. O'Connell was often insulted by what he called "the beast of billowings" of the members. So was Smith O'Brien. Parnell, too, had a like experience. The latest rowdy display differed from a thousand former ones only in this particular—it was emphasized by a couple of black eyes and bloody noses. England, "the mother of parliaments," is also the mother of the prize ring. Why should she be shocked at the capers of one of her offspring?

IRISH NATIONAL OPINION.

The absurdity of stating in this country or elsewhere that the followers of the late Mr Parnell have no real strength among the Irish people is illustrated by the fact that the *Daily Independent* is the most flourishing journal in Ireland, and that *United Ireland* has also a splendid constituency throughout the country. While THE CITIZEN deprecates faction, it cannot, in common justice, conceal that the Parnellite phalanx in the British parliament, led by John Redmond and Timothy Harrington, did gallant service during the debate in committee on the Home Rule bill. Had the McCarthyites acted in the same independent manner, Gladstone would not have dared to reduce the Irish representation at Westminster, and many other important concessions would have been won. The skimpiness of the Home Rule bill can never, in future, be charged upon the Parnellites. They fought for better terms all through, and their countrymen must hold their efforts, even when unsuccessful, in respect.

In dealing with English opinion, *United Ireland*, which is, par excellence, the Parnellite mouth-piece, takes manly and sensible ground. It does not underrate the ability of Ireland's foes, and even acknowledges that imperial urgency makes them appear narrow, from an Irish standpoint. Of course it does, and they are narrow in fact, not in appearance, and can never be made to see the Irish question in any other than a purely provincial light. Recently, Lord Salisbury published an attack on Home Rule in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and, in the course of his political speculations, said that in the event of foreign war, even after Home Rule passed, Ireland would aid the enemies of England. In reply *United Ireland*, of July 22, says:

"In the first place, we think it is absurd to say that under Home Rule there would be no local authorities to represent the imperial government. What about the coast-guards? What about the army? Could not the commander-in-chief in Ireland order men from the garrisons to watch the various ports? But let us waive this point, and come to the real question, whether or not the people of Ireland would sympathize with England or with England's enemy in this supposed war. Well it would all depend. We are fighting for our national rights, and mean to win as much or as many of them as we can. As we cannot have separation, we shall try to secure the place to which we are entitled in the empire men of Irish blood have done so much to make. The present Home Rule bill is no final settlement of the Irish question, and for so small an installment of justice we can hardly afford to forget our whole past. If English Liberalism is of opinion, with some of its leaders, that Ireland is entitled only to a large measure of local government under the guise of a legislature, then it will never make Ireland a friend of England. If, on the other hand, it is wise enough to acknowledge that Ireland is a nation, with the rights of a nation, and probably in the near future with as great claim to shape the destinies of the English-speaking world as Hungary has to shape those of the Dual Empire, it may make Ireland a friend of England with ease. That Liberalism grasps this aspect of the situation is not clear, but if we may judge by the remarks the other day of the *Daily Chronicle* that the present Home Rule bill is only the first stage of Home Rule, and a mere provisional arrangement, there are men in Mr. Gladstone's party who know the truth. And the truth is—and we say it, remembering the foolish utterances Mr. Michael Davitt and Mr. William O'Brien on the subject—that until England really and truly, not in words, but in hard deeds, recognizes our place as one of the three peoples of the British empire, can there be any such thing as international handshaking. That is our comment on Lord Salisbury's article."

THE CITIZEN heartily applauds *United Ireland's* reply to Salisbury, and is thankful that so manful an exponent of Irish National opinion exists in the Irish metropolis.

JOHN CUDAHY'S DISASTER.

The failure of John Cudahy, the great packer and speculator, has created a sensation all over America. He is, probably, badly crippled, for the present, but THE CITIZEN has great faith in his staying qualities; and believes that, before long, he will be on his feet again. He is not made of the stuff that one disaster can "down" forever. THE CITIZEN is happy to inform its readers that Mr. Cudahy's failure in no way involves his brothers, or their interests in the packing houses, here and elsewhere, which bear their name. Several other speculators failed simultaneously with Mr. Cudahy, the most prominent, after him, being "Charley" Wright.

SPECIMEN ENGLISH INJUSTICE.

Mr. Edward O'Flaherty, president of the New York Irish Amnesty Association, visited Ireland recently and was hospitality received by his fellow countrymen who feel thankful for the efforts put forth by him and his associates for the liberation of the Irish political prisoners. It is scarcely necessary to tell the readers of THE CITIZEN that such a thing as justice is not contemplated by England in her dealings with the Irish people. She always plays with loaded dice, no matter which of her political parties may happen to be in control of the government machinery. This policy is well explained by the *Irish Daily Independent*, which, on July 21, expressed itself editorially on the question of amnesty, in vigorous language. We excerpt the following passage from the article:

"We must say that Mr. Pierce Mahony, who presided at the meeting, put the argument for the release of the prisoners with admirable terseness and lucidity. The opponents of amnesty say that these men are dynamiters. Very well; in that case ten years of penal servitude is their legal punishment, and they are now entitled to be released. But they were tried under the Treason-Felony act, which was passed with the object of punishing the political prisoners of the '48 movement. Under that act they have been sentenced to life-long imprisonment. They must, therefore, be deemed to be political prisoners, and it is for their release as political prisoners that the promoters of the amnesty movement are working. History records no more glaring example of the manner in which lawyers may pervert the law to unrighteous purposes than this legal jugglery whereby men were tried for one offense and sentenced for another, in order that their punishment might be all the greater. It is to a Liberal government, and especially to that newly discovered emancipator of Ireland, Sir William Harcourt, then home secretary, that this outrage upon justice must be attributed. The business of the home office at the time was to foment plots and conspiracies in order that their discovery might supply a justification for the iniquitous system of coercion which the Liberals were then applying to Ireland. These were the days of the hanging jurymen, the hanging judge, and the hangman—the days when to be accused was to be convicted. Only ten years have passed since then. We say, with Mr. Pierce Mahoney, that if those prisoners are dynamiters—as the English assert—the time has come for their release, inasmuch as they have served the the extreme term of imprisonment that they could obtain for such an offence. If they are treason-felony prisonerf, then they are political prisoners, as Mitchel, Smith O'Brien, and Meagher were in their time. Some of them are American citizens, and it is not unlikely that some day, sooner or later, when the American and British governments are at variance over some small matter of international relations, more may be heard of the continued incarceration of these men. It is just as equitable to try a man for petty larceny and sentence him for murder, as to try him for complicity in a dynamete conspiracy and sentence him for treason-felony."

SUPERINTENDENT BRENNAN.

The appointment of Deputy Superintendent Michal Brennan, of the Chicago metropolitan police force, to be superintendent of police, vice Major R. W. M'Claughery, resigned, has given sincere gratification to Chicagoans of all parties and conditions. During a long and successful career in every rank of the service, Mr. Brennan has been a model officer, and no man is better acquainted than he with the topography of the city, the strong and weak points of the men under his command, and the requirements of public order. He succeeds an honorable and conscientious public officer, who did his best to make the police service of the city efficient; but Mr. Brennan has the advantage of being virtually a Chicagoan, who has grown up with the city and knows the disposition of its people. The mayor acted wisely in choosing for head of the police force a man who began service in its ranks. It is always a mistake to go outside the city for a chief of an important department. It used to be said, in Napoleon's conquering day, that every French soldier carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack; and now it may be said of the Chicago guardians of the peace that every policeman carries the commission of superintendent in his pocket, if by a career of integrity and strict attention to duty, he deserves the promotion. Mr. Brennan, although a veteran, is still in the prime of life.

THE CITIZEN regrets to announce the sad domestic bereavement which has befallen the household of Mr. and Mrs. James T. Healy, whose eldest son, a boy of much promise, died recently after a brief illness.

THE London *Star* says: "A curious series of coincidences took place at the last general election in connection with the candidature and election of Mr. James O'Connor, who, in the old, evil days suffered several years' imprisonment as a Fenian. In the year 1798, during the "rebellion" in Ireland, thirty-two men were shot for treason, without trial, on a piece of common land called Dunlavin green. The man by whose orders they were shot was a certain Col. Saunders, and one of the men shot was a man named Kearney. Dunlavin green is situated in the present constituency of West Wicklow; the Unionist candidate for West Wicklow at the last election was a Col. Saunders, who is a grandson of the Col. Saunders by whose orders Kearney was shot; the Nationalist candidate was Mr. James O'Connor, who is a grandson of Kearney; Mr. O'Connor held the first meeting during his candidature on Dunlavin green, and referred to these facts in his speech; and in the end Mr. James O'Connor was returned by a majority of 1798."

IRISH DAY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

[If Father O'Mahony saw the editor of THE CITIZEN in a carriage on last St. Patrick's Day, in this city, he must have seen his "fetch," because the editor aforesaid left Chicago at daylight, or thereabout, and spoke in Muskegon, Mich., that evening. Father M. O'Sullivan was marshal of the day in Chicago, and Father O'Mahony ought to shake his gory locks at his brother priest, not at us, on account of the arrangements which so angered him. We never wrote anything about "Irish," or other, priests that we are ashamed of, and that we would not write again, if it became necessary. We have not spared even the Pope when he went outside his spiritual jurisdiction in Irish affairs. Most priests throw off the soutane, temporarily, when they take part in secular affairs. If they insist on priestly privileges, they should confine themselves strictly to their priestly duties, as the overwhelming majority of them do in this country.

THE CITIZEN, not very many months ago, defended Bishop Nulty against ungenerous attacks made upon him by certain Irish newspapers. If the good bishop let factious politics severely alone, he would be, because of his many noble qualities, venerated, as he is loved by everybody of Irish blood. We have no objection to Father O'Mahony, in politics, as Citizen O'Mahony. Let him cast his vote, if he has one, according to his convictions. This is a free country—for which God, and the American constitution, be thanked. As regards the Orangemen, Deputies, etcetera, Father O'Mahony will certainly have need to exercise his political independence, for they are about as thick in one party as in the other. As to "professional oratory," we never have heard of any kind of oratory, worth hearing, that was not "professional." Lawyers and clergymen shine as professional orators. There is always a great cry against "the orators," but, we notice, they are ever in demand when a cause has to be advocated or a principle asserted. In America we are accustomed to criticise freely, so Father O'Mahony had better get that fact well into his head, and look pleasant, when he is dealt with frankly. Getting mad will do him no good. Illinois is not North Meath.]

[*To the Editor.*]

PIPER CITY, Ill., July 30.—*Dear Sir:* Father O'Mahony never goes on "mere assumtion," in any argument, but very reasonably concluded that the committee on "Irish Day" would "march in carriages" to the World's Fair. Last St. Patrick's Day, from the school-house steps at St. Patrick's church, I saw all you "big Irishmen" marching "in carriages," while the poor fellows of the Gaelic football clubs and the real men with rifles were footing it. If you march the marshal and his aides only should be on horseback. It is easy to be a patriot in a carriage and receive vivas from ladies' handherchiefs. Your advice, "Let us be charitable to each other," is good, very much so; but the preacher ought always try to practice what he preaches. Your writing against priests, especially Irish priests, in politics reaches far and wide. Irish priests know more than you about the needs of their people, and Bishop Nulty, of Meath, whom you look upon as a political heretic, said in a speech at Donore, on July 4, "The system of landlordism is essentially unjust and unfair. It is a violation of the rights of every individual. Therefore it ought to be, and will be, abolished sooner or later." Right here in America also, though you condemn, I for one do, with God's help, take part in politics, as a citizen should, independent, tied to the tail of no party, but always against whichsoever side takes to its bosom the Orangemen of Detroit or elsewhere; and the Carnegies, and Deputies, "et hoc genus omne." You write well about Ireland's opportunity in case of a war between France and England. But what preparations have we Irish made for such a blessed consummation? Except the Clan-na-Gael Guards and the Hibernian Rifles, we have spent our surplus money on parades and in pyrotechnic displays of *professional* oratory. This is why I am against "Irish Day" at the World's Fair. I want Irishmen to be practical, turn your available money into powder and ball, and it will help Ireland in her match against England into making the "goal" of perfect independence, which is not at all so difficult as amateur patriots suppose. Training does it, sir, and that is all we are lacking in. I pray to God every day that the time may come in our generation when we can say to the English burglars and cutthroats who have held our land so long, "quick wheel left" into the deep sea, to sink there like lean in the mighty waters as the finger of God sunk the late unlamented ship "Victoria." If the Clan-na-Gaels or Hibernian Rifles are going across any time I shall try, with God's grace, to be "in it."

BERNARD EMMET O'MAHONY,
Pastor Catholic Church and member of Division A. O. H. of Ivesdale, Ill.

BENEFIT BAZAAR

For the Working Boys' Home, Opened at the Second Regiment Armory.

The first bazaar for the benefit of the Warking Boys' Home and Mission of Our Lady of Mercy, 369 Jackson boulevard, was opened at the Second Regiment Armory, Washington boulevard and Curtis street, last Monday evening. The various booths that lined the sides of the armory were artistically draped with bunting in gay colors, and an orchestra played popular airs in the gallery at the north end of the hall. The superintendent of the home, Father Mahony, was everywhere during the evening, encouraging, by precept and example, all visitors to invest in the numerous lotteries that were in charge of attractive young ladies.

Most of the booths were in order when the doors opened at 8 o'clock and an hour later the wheel of fortune was whirling merrily, the fish ponds were yielding up their contents with astonishing briskness, the gypsy camps were coining money and a nickel-in-the-slot race track was in active operation. The home booth was handsomely hung with the home colors, red, white and blue, and two large American flags trimmed the front. The bewildering variety of bric-a-brac it contained was presided over by Miss Marie Kelley, ably assisted by a bevy of charming girls. St. Patrick's booth, across the hall, was all in green and white. Miss Mary E. Murray was the presiding genius there. The Players' Club booth was gorgeous in rich yellow, its chief adornment being a large picture representing the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet. Miss May Smith was in charge, assisted by Will Ryan, the president of the Players' Club. Over the Columbian booth hung a picture of Columbus. The Spanish colors very appropriately trimmed it and Miss Agnes R. McCarthy managed it. The Cecilian booth, managed by the ladies of the Cecilian Circle, St. Malachy's and St. Charles' booths were all worthy of mention. They were in charge of Mrs. T. J. Sullivan, Mrs. S. O'Neill and Mrs. F. E. Canfield respectively.

A contest of more than ordinary interest was inaugurated last evening for a good watch. The candidates for the prize are Inspector Lewis, of the police department, and Inspector Campion, of the fire department. A diamond ring is offered to the most popular young lady. The candidates for this are Miss Ripley, Miss Lawler, Miss Enright and Miss McCarthy. The bazaar will be continued for two weeks.

LAWBREAKING ENGLISH LAWMAKERS.

The English people consists of two distinct classes, which differ in character, morals, methods and political purposes. The first are represented by the landlords—descendants from the tools and sycophants of the vile monarchs of the past. The second are the genuine English people, who believe in fair play and love justice, but who have for long centuries been oppressed and robbed by the other class. The people of England, as distinct from the aristocratic element, were without any real political power until the Reform bill passed. Even then they were granted more the semblance of power than the reality. To Mr. Gladstone, in late years, they are indebted for the strong position they now hold. All that the masses have gained the classes have lost. Hence the latter fought every concession with the utmost virulence.

The same oppressive classes that claimed all political power in England are those who robbed Ireland of independence, murdered her people, confiscated her lands, abolished her manufactures, created the famine of '46, instituted the dreadful clearances that followed, established the Anglican church in Ireland, enacted the Penal laws and the Coercion laws, sustained minority ascendency in the Irish government and accomplished the Union.

This is the class that fought the Home Rule bill, sent its leaders to Belfast to stir up factious riots, advised the people of Ulster to resist the operation of Home Rule, even if it became the law of the land, and to show their faith in their teachers organized a free fight in the house of commons. They excuse themselves for their violence by saying they were naturally incensed by the votes of the majority overcoming those of the minority. This will be an excellent precedent for future minorities.

The Tory leaders are maddened at the prospect of the escape of their victim. They have robbed, insulted, defamed and injured Ireland in every conceivable way, taking a cowardly advantage of their superiority in strength. They do the same in India, Africa, and in numerous small islands, and tried the same game in America. What Home Rule means is the rescue of Ireland from these highwaymen, and the restoration of her material prosperity by giving her local autonomy. It was evident that the financial clauses were the chief objects of their hatred. They urged that the British taxpayer would suffer if not allowed to continue to filch, steal and embezzle Ireland's surplus revenues, as they in his name had done since 1800. It is such a plea as might be raised in favor of a pirate or a pickpocket or a landlord, and certainly the honest British taxpayer will not regard it as a compliment.

When Balfour and Chamberlain had a majority at their backs they cloturea perpetual coercion bill for Ireland through parliament. Their own plea for their pugilistic followers would excuse the Irish on that occasion for a violent outbreak. But that same Coercion act will be an excellent rod to keep in pickle under Home Rule for the benefit of Unionists, landlords and all the rest of the ascendancy faction if they show a disposition to make trouble. If Salisbury, or Balfour, or Churchill should repeat the attempt to create civil war in Ulster, it would be an object lesson for the world if the Coercion act should be applied to them and they should promptly receive six months' hard labor.

If the house of lords should be so rash as to fight the people of England on behalf of the cormorant classes, and eject the bill passed by the commons, there is now out of the mouths of the Unionist leaders, and out of the columns of the Unionist newspapers, ample justification for a resort to violent demonstrations. The lords are quite as vulnerable now as when the Reform bill passed; and the puerile tactics of the libertines and prostitutes who figure as Primrose knights and dames will not avail against the resolution of the honest people of Great Britain and Ireland.

The people who are making so much fuss about France in Siam imitating England in Burmah are the same cormorant classes who oppose Irish Home rule. They want the earth in a very literal sense, whether it be in Urganda, or on the Zanibesi, in Siam, or in the golden vale of Tipperary. And they talk as if there were no moral law applicable to themselves, while their opponents are always wrongdoers and reprobates.

W.

MR. DILLON'S APOLOGY.

[*United Ireland, July 8.*]

We must confess we think that altogether too much notice is taken by Irish members of charges brought against them in the house of commons by men like Mr. Chamberlain and Arnold Forster. No one in the house of commons believes in the sincerity of the member for Birmingham. He deserted from the Liberal party through sheer spite, the outcome of disappointment. Mr. Harrington, no doubt, did excellent service in proving out of that gentleman's own mouth, as we may say, that he was hand-and-glove with the Irish party which he now denounces when, according to some of his colleagues, "it was steeped to the lips in treason."

Mr. Harrington carried the war into the enemy's camp and defeated him with his own weapons, and thereby did good work. But it seems altogether absurd on the part of any Irish member to take note of the practice indulged in by a third-rate politician like Mr. Arnold Forster quoting from "Parnellism and Crime" charges whether proved or disproved before the Parnell Commission. Who cares here in Ireland about those charges, and what politician in the house of commons, who possesses the slightest reputation for common sense, cares one pin about them? One of the most terrible indictments ever levelled against an Irish politician in the house of commons was levelled against Parnell. How did he meet it? By declaring that he looked only to the opinion of his countrymen, that they, and they only, were the proper judges of his actions. We are glad to find that Mr. Harrington made a similar declaration on Tuesday night.

And it would have been better for Mr. Dillon's reputation and more consistent with his dignity as an Irish representative, if he had made a similar reply to the taunts of Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Dillon allowed half a dozen years to go by without expressing regret for a silly and mischievous statement made in Ireland at a time of great provocation. If he owed any explanation for having made it he should have made it here at home to his own countrymen. Instead he stood up the other night to do penance in a white-sheet before the house of commons. The language which Mr. Dillon apologized for found no favor with his parliamentary colleagues: on the contrary we believe that every one of them disapproved of it. He apologized for it in Ireland when he recognized its folly and the mischief it might work, every one of them would have been gratified.

But it is quite another matter to find him expressing contrition for it in consequence of the taunts of a man who would have been willing to co-operate with Mr. Dillon at the very time he was using the language complained of. We do not dwell on Mr. Dillon's blunder in stating that the recollection of the murders at Mitchelstown was fresh in his mind when he used that language, although his friend and colleague, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, declares that by it he created "a desperate, an unhappy, and impossible situation."

We would only point out that the very persons, seeking whom to placate he fell into the blunder, were not above suggesting that he was guilty of wilful deception. This suggestion was as cowardly as it was false, but it should serve to show Irish members that they have no reason to expect fair play from their opponents in the house of commons. The only way of meeting them is to stand up to them. That was Parnell's way; and that was the way in which he compelled them to fear even while they hated him. The wretched performance of Mr. Dillon was a descent and a humiliation. It sprang out of his newfound respect for the opinions of his country's enemies, and could have no result except to bring some discredit upon his country. Is it too much to hope that we shall never again see an exhibition of this kind, and that every Nationalist member shall henceforth look to the opinion of his country, rather than to that of England or of the English parliament?

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

The following beautiful lines were written by Rav. Father Pise during the Knownothing excitement which preceded the war, when Catholics were on all sides accused of being enemies of the government, and plotting its overthrow. Father Pise, walking down Pennsylvania avenue, happening to see the flag floating from the capitol, was inspired by the sight to compose the following poem:

They say I do not love thee,
Flag of my native land;
Whose meteor folds above me,
To the free breeze expand;
Thy broad stripes proudly streaming,
And thy stars so brightly gleaming.

They say I would forsake thee,
Should some dark crisis lower;
That, recreant, I should make thee
Crouch to a foreign power;
Seduced by license ample
On thee, best flag, to trample.

They say that bolts of thunder,
Cast in the forge of Rome,
May rise and bring thee under,
Flag of my native home,
And with one blow dissever
My heart from thee forever.

False are the words they utter,
Ungenerous their brand;
And rash oaths they mutter,
Flag of my native land;
Whilst still, in hope above me,
Thou wavest—and I love thee!

God is my love's first duty,
To whose eternal name
Be praise for all thy beauty,
Thy grandeur and thy fame;
But ever have I reckoned
Thine, native flag, my second.

Woe to the foe or the stranger,
Whose sacreligious hand,
Would touch thee, or endanger,
Flag of my native land,
Though some would fain discard thee,
Mine should be raised to guard thee.

Then wave, thou first of banners,
And in thy gentle shade,
Beliefs, opinions, manners,
Promiscuously be laid;
And there, all discord ended,
Our hearts and souls be blended.

Stream on, stream on before us,
Thou labarum of light,
While in one general chorus,
Our vows to thee we plight;
Unfaithful to thee—never!
My native land forever!

—*Monitor.*

BAD CONDUCT AT GAELIC GAMES.

The Chicago *Herald* of Monday contained the subjoined account of the games played by clubs of the Gaelic Athletic Association last Sunday afternoon. It will be seen from the report, which is written in an impartial spirit, that some of the contestants so far forgot themselves as to display ill temper and resort to violence during the matches. Such miscoiduct deserves the sternest censure. Irishmen in free America should show more respect for American institutions and propriety than to imitate the rowdyism recently displayed by Englishmen in the British house of commons. Ill tempered men are a nuisance everywhere, and under any circumstances, but nowhere more than when engaged in games of strength and skill, which ought to be friendly. THE CITIZEN is ashamed—most heartily ashamed—of the men who resorted to kicks and cuffs on Sunday. This spirit must be checked—nay extinguished—by the proper officers, or it may lead to the disruption of the Gaelic athletic organization. Is it possible that Irishmen cannot meet in friendly rivalry without resorting to savage conduct? We care not how patriotic men of bad temper and contentious disposition may be, they are a curse to any cause with which they are identified. This is the XIXth century, not the Dark Ages. Following is the *Herald's* report:

"Two football matches were played yesterday afternoon at the Gaelic Athletic Association grounds, Indiana avenue and Thirty-seventh street. Before the commencement of the games a large balloon ascended from the grounds, bearing three æronauts up among the clouds and the sunshine. The first game was that between the Emmets and the Shamrocks. As is usual in games in which latter club figures, the match was played in anything but an amicable spirit. When the ball was thrown in by the referee both sides went for it with determination. Matters were even for some time, but soon the Shamrocks were awarded a free kick which carried the play into Emmet territory. The latter made a stout defense and succeeded in transferring the scene of hostilities into their opponents' grounds, where Tommy Ryan got first blood by scoring a point. The Shamrocks in turn became aggressive and Eggney scored a point, Jerry Sisk cleverly saving the goal. Before the conclusion of the half hour Barry scored another point for the Shamrocks. The Emmets showed want of training. Four players had been added to their team, and although excellent players individually were in the very worst form, none of them having had any practice this year.

"On the resumption of play honors were evenly divided for some time, but as the game progressed the Emmets seemed to get into better form and made several determined assaults on the Shamrocks' goal. This made some of the latter club lose their temper, and Powers, disliking a decision of the referee, attempted to strike him. The referee, however, overlooked the offense, and did not exercise his privilege of excluding the man from the game. The Emmets soon secured another point, but one of their forwards lost a fine opportunity of securing a goal. In the greatest excitement the Emmets continued a vigorous attack on the Shamrocks' goal, which the latter team in some way managed to defend. During this time Capt. Murphy, Sisk brothers, Kearney and Tom O'Brien did fine work on the Emmets' side. Barry, Powers and Crane played well for the Shamrocks. The Shamrocks, getting the leather again into the open, carried it into Emmet territory, where they scored an easy point.

"In a short time a Shamrock made a foul which escaped the observation of the referee, who refused to allow it. Capt. Murphy, exasperated already by the rough tactics of the Shamrocks, refused to continue the game, and Referee E. M. O'Reilly declared the Shamrocks winners by a score of 4 points to 2 points. The teams, however, were playing in the meantime and Craddock, of the Shamrocks, kicked Morgan O'Brien, of the Emmets, in the stomach. This instantly caused a rumpus that put an end to the game. The players were:

Emmets—Dillon, goal; M. O'Brien, Miles, C. Murphy, backs; Carney, Capt. Barry, half-backs; T. Ryan, J. J. Sisk, Phil Ryan, M. B. O'Neill, left wing; Capt. Murphy, P. Murphy, J. Fleming, O'Brien, centre; Tim Ryan, Jas. Sisk, Carmody, forwards.

"Shamrocks—Corbett, goal; T. Burke, Hall, backs; Mulcahy, Crane, Lyons, half-backs; Eggney, Craddock, right wing; Gallagher, McGlynn, left wing; W. Powers, M. Powers, W. Barry, Nugent, O'Brien, centre; Burke, P. Barry, forwards.

"In the next game the contestants were the Finertys and the O'Connells. The teams were well matched. Neither side showed themselves to be adepts at the game—a sharp contrast to the preceding match. Neither did they show any of that ill temper which characterized the former game. Big Sam Kearney won the game for the Finertys by scoring a goal. At the conclusion the score stood: Finertys, 1 goal, 1 point; O'Connells, 5 points. J. M'Glynn was referee. The teams were:

"O'Connells—M'Elligot, goal; Walsh, McAuliffe, Sullivan, Mangan, backs; Stack, Murphy, half-backs; Leaney, right wing; McAuliffe, left wing; Capt. SLealy, Shea, Buckley, Dower, centre; Ryan, Sam Kearney, forwards.

"Finertys—Captain Madden, goal; Quinn, Messet, Boland, backs; Tooley, Joyce, half-backs; J. Joyce, Brenan, right wing; Mulcahy, Morrissey, left wing; Hayden, Walsh, Shaughnessy, Butler, Donohue, centre; Ryan, Pendy, forwards.

"The O'Connells played two men short."

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, July 31.—The enemies of the Irish language movement may find out that the ancient tongue of bards and sages is not "dying out" in Ireland because they are too proud to open their mouths to speak Gaelic; although that class of persons habitually speak very poor English. From the secretary's report of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, No. 6 Molesworth street, Dublin, published February, 1893, I take the following figures, which prove that the movement continues to excite a widespread interest, and warm sympathy, not only among the descendants of the Gael, but also in other circles and among other people uninfluenced by any tie of kindred or Irish sentiment. The council congratulates the society on the reviving interest in Irish literature. The society sold during the past year 4,031 books, as compared with 3,196 in 1891, thus making the total number of books put in circulation by the society since its foundation amount to 108,825.

The council is pleased with the number of pupils who presented themselves for examination in Irish in the National Schools. I am sorry we cannot make such a boast for Chicago. The following statistics are found in Mr. McSweeney's report:

Teacher.	School.	County.	Post Town.
John C. O'Boyce	Fanad	Donegal	Tanney
Bryan Sweeney	Donnaweir	Donegal	Moville
Patrick Caughley	Edengorra	Meath	Kilmainham Wood
Ellen Hoban	Leitra, F. N. S.	Galway	Ballinasloe
John Garvey	Kilbeha, M.N.S.	Mayo	Headford
Michael Keating	Glencorrib M.N.S.	Clare	Carrigaholt
Michael McCarthy	Kilbeha, M.N.S.	Kilkenny	Kilkenny
Laurence Kiely	St. Patrick's Mon.	Waterford	Carrick-on-Suir
Thomas Landers	Rathgormack	Kerry	Annascaul
Daniel Shea	Lougher	Kerry	Waterville
Michael Derrane	Caherawane	Kerry	Valencia
Denis O'Shea	Portmagee	Kerry	Kenmare
	Glanmore		

In the above table I notice that my native county, "The Kingdom," maintains her supremacy in behalf of the "old tongue" and general literature.

In 1892 the Irish language was taught in forty-five National schools and 755 pupils were examined; thirteen presented themselves at the July examination, and their answering was very satisfactory. In 1881 but twelve pupils passed; in 1892, 515 passed. So the movement is progressing everywhere except in Chicago, which should have five schools, viz. one in the parent school, City Hall, where no payment is demanded; two on the North Side, and two on the West Side. We are in hopes that after the Fair, when our young men give up their Gaelic athletic sports for the season, the central school will have an attendance of 500 pupils. It is hoped the ladies will commence at once, in order to take part in the grand musical festival this fall.

MAURICE CREAN,
Secretary Gaelic Class.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Tadhg O'Cathain agus an Corpan.

[AIR LEANANBHAIN.]

Chuartaigh Tadhg an cochair agus fuair sé air bhárr an bhalla í. Bhi an iomarcaigh iongantais air le labhairt tuilleadh, d'fhosgail sé an doras go cidin fairsing, agus chuaidh sé asteach leis an georp air a mhuin. Bhi sé chomh dubh leis an oidhche an taobh astigh, agus thainig crith air Thadhg bhocht. "Las an choinneall, las an choinneall," ar san corpán. Chuir Tadhg a lamh ann a phóca, agus tharraing sé amach a sgian agus cloch-teine. Bhain sé drithleog aisti, agus las sé ceirteach dóighte a bhi ann a phóca, shéid sé é go ndéarna sé lasair agus dhearc sé 'nna thimchioll. Bhi an teampóll an-aosta agus cuid dena ballaibh briste síos, agus na fuinneóga sgoilte, agus ádhmad na bhfoirm lobhtha. Bhi sé no seacht dena sean-choinnleóiribh iarrainn ann fós. Bhi stumpán sean-choinnle fágtha i g-coinnleoir aca, agus las Tadhg é. Bhi sé ag breathnughadh air an áit aisteach ghráin, camball sin, nuair chogair an corpán fuar aris ann a chluais, "cuir me feasta, cuir me feasta, sin thall an spád i naghaidh do láimh', agus preab an talamh, preab an talamh."

Dheare Tadhg ualdh agus chonnaire sé spád le h-ais na h-altóra. Thóg sé ann a láimh é agus chuir sé a bhárr faol leic do bhi i g-ceart-lár an teampoill, agus d'fhág sé a throime féin air chois na spáide no gur thóg sé an leac.

Nuair bhi an cheud-leac tógtha ni raibh sé deacair an chuid eile dhiobh do chorrughadh, agus bhuain sé tri no ceithre cinn aca as a n-áiteachaibh. Bhi an chréafóg do bhi fátha bog, agus b'fhuras do a rómhar. Acht nior chaith sé amach nios mó ná lán trí no ceithre sluasad de chréafóig nuair bhain an t-iarrann le rud bog éigin mar fheóil. Chaith sé trí no ceithre sluasad eile ó na timchioll, agus chonnaire sé gur corp eile é do bhi curtha annsan áit sin. "Tá faltchios orm nach leigfidhear dam an dá chorp chur le cheile," ar Tadhg ann a inntinn féin, "thusa, a chorpáin air mo mhuin," ar seisean, "mbéidh tu sásta má chuirim ann so thu?" acht nior fhreagair an corpán focal. "Is cosamhlacht mhaith é sin," ar Tadhg ann a inntinn féin, "b'éidir go bhfuil sé 'g éirighe socair," agus sháith sé an spád síos annsa' dtalamh aris. B'éidir gur ghortaigh sé' feóil an chuirp eile, mar sheas an fear marbh do bhi curtha, suas annsan uaigh, agus chuir sé géim fíor-áidhbheul as, "há! há! há! imthigh! imthigh! imthigh! no is fear marbh-marbh, marbh thu!" agus thuit sé air ais annsan uaigh aris. Is minic dubhairt Tadhg óshoin gur b' é sin an rud do b'áidhbhéile dena rudaibh iongantacha do chonnaire sé an oidhche áidhbheul sin. Sheas an ghruag mar fionna muice air a cheann, rith an t-allus d'á eudan, agus thainig crathadh air a chnámhaibh aris gur shaoil sé go d-tuitfeadh sé. Acht d'éirigh sé nios dána nuair chonnaire sé an dara corp 'nna luighe go socair, agus chaith sé an chréafóg asteach air aris, agus rinne sé sleamhain os a chionn i, agus leig sé na leaca aris go cúramach mar bhi siad roimhe sin. Ni féidir go n-éireóchaidh sé aris," ar sé. Chuaidh sé síos an chosáin do bhi i lár an teampoill, no go raibh sé ceithre no cúig slata nios folgse do'n doras, agus thóisigh sé ag tógbháil na leac aris ag larraidh leabuidh eile do'n chorpán do bhi air a dhruim. Thóg sé trí no ceithre leaca, agus chuir sé air leath-thaolbh iad, agus ann sin thochail sé an chréafog. Ni fada bhi sé 'g á tochailt nuair nochtaigh sé sean-bhean lom gan sniáthé acht a leine, do bhi curtha annsan áit sin. Bhi sise nios beódha 'na an cheud-chorpán-mar is air éigin thóg sé cuid de'n chréafóig di, nuair shuidh sí suas agus thosaigh sí ag bárasáil. "Hó! a bhodaigh, há! a bhodaigh," ar sí, "bhfuil sé 'g am' bhuaidhréadh! cá raibh sé féin no cá'r chaith sé a shaoghal nach bhfuair sé leabuidh-nach bhfuair sé leabuidh?" Tharraing Tadhg bocht air ais, agus d'fhan sé 'nna thost, agus nuair chonnaire sí nach raibh sí fághail freagartha, dhruid sí a súile go mall, agus chaill sí a láth agus thuit sí go cidin air ais faoi'n gcréafóig. Rinne Tadhg léithe mar rinne sé leis an bhfear, chaith sé an chréafóg air ais uirri, agus d'fhág sé na leaca os a cionn.

[LE SHEITH LEANTA.]

IRELAND AND THE JEWS.

[*Irish World.*]

Michael Davitt has written a letter emphatically reprobating an alleged suggestion by Mr. Con Crowley at a meeting recently held in Bandon, county Cork, that "the Jews ought to be kept out of Ireland," which suggestion, however, Mr. Crowley denies that he ever made. Davitt's letter, addressed to Mr. Crowley, contains highly interesting remarks on the treatment of Jews in Ireland. It is in part as follows:

An old and staunch supporter of the Irish cause who belongs to the Hebrew race has called my attention to a speech delivered by you recently in Bandon, in which you are reported as having said that "the Jews ought to be kept out of Ireland." The meeting over which you presided on the occasion was, I suppose, held under the auspices of the Labor Federation of Bandon, and, as you know I have been intimately connected with that organization, I hope you will excuse me for saying now I deeply regret that any such sentiment as that attributed to you should be spoken on an Irish National or labor platform.

I feel convinced, however, that you spoke in a sense which you never intended to be construed into so unjust and so illiberal an opinion as that which the few words quoted, apart from the context, would imply. The Jews have never to my knowledge done any injury to Ireland. Like our own race they have endured a persecution the records of which will forever remain a reproach to the "Christian" nations of Europe. Ireland has no share in this black record. Our country has this proud distinction—freely acknowledged by Jewish writers—of never having resorted to this un-Christian and barbarous treatment of an unfortunate people. If I am not mistaken in my historical recollection, the Irish house of commons passed a resolution, or framed a law, in 1787 for the naturalization of all Jews who who were wishful to become Irish citizens; and I think this enlightened action on the part of the Irish parliament was intended as a solemn and significant protest against the brutal and inhuman persecutions which were being practiced at this period against the Jews on the Continent and in Great Britain. No law ever passed in College Green redounds more to the honor and memory of Grattan's parliament than this; and as Irish sentiment has always been on the same high level of liberality on the question of the treatment of the Jews, it is all the more to be regretted that any Nationalist or Irishman of any other political conviction should at this time of day should give expression to such reactionary "Know-Nothing" views as those alleged to have been spoken by you.

I know that there is a section of workingmen in London and other places who are allowing themselves to be deluded into the belief that low wages and trade depression in the East End of London and in some other densely crowded labor centers are traceable for cause, to the influx of "foreign workmen, mainly Jews." No intelligent artisan who knows anything of the economic working of the land systems of Great Britain and Ireland and of the imposts which landlordism levies upon all the natural agencies which constitute the very basis of our industrial organism can allow himself to be gulled by the Jew-bating tactics. The cause of low wages and trade depression in England is the system which permits a class of social drones to levy on agriculture, on mineral industries on trade in general, in rents, royalties and ground rents, an annual tax computed at £300,000,000.

But, apart from the labor aspect of the question, we, Irishmen, have to remember what is due to the honor and reputation of our race and to refrain from any act or word that might sully its record in the matter of racial hates or antipathies. It is well to recollect, too, that our own people have been scatterd the world over, and that we are bound in justice and in reason to extend to all who seek the shelter of our island shores the same treatment and hospitality which the members of our own race have received at the hands of so many nations all over the globe, when driven by persecution and unjust government from their own country. Yours truly,

MICHAEL DAVITT,
Land League Cottage, Ballybrack, July 8, 1893.

MR. CROWLEY'S CONTRADICTION.

Following is Mr. Crowley's letter to Davitt denying the language attributed to him:

BANDON, July 10.—*Dear Mr. Davitt:* I am in receipt of yours *re* "Jews in Ireland," and in reply beg to inform you that the meeting at which it is alleged I made use of any expression concerning the Jews was not a Labor Federation meeting—it was a meeting of representative townsmen in the town hall, and how the incident occurred was this: Dr. Magner stated in his address that the only argument put forth at the Cork convention in suyport of Dr. Commons was "that he was as rich as a Jew," when I jocosely remarked "that such 'Jews' did little for Ireland, and keep them out of the country." I trust you will consider this statement satisfactory, and hoping you are well, I am, dear Mr. Davitt, yours very faithfully,

CON CROWLEY.

[The convention above referred to was that held some weeks ago to choose candidates for the vacancies in the parliamentary representation of Northeast and Southeast Cork.—*Ed. I. W.*]

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

[This song was written by the poet in a moment of indignation at the northern scoundrels who sold to those of the south the independence of Scotland.]

Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory,
Fareweel even to the Scottish name
Sae fam'd in martial story!
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

What force or guile could not subdue,
Through many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few
For hireling traitors' wages:
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valor's station,
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

O would, ere I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us,
My auld gray head had lien in clay
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, to my last hour,
I'll mak' this declaration:
We're bought and sold for English gold—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

O'Flaherty Sails for America.

LONDON, July 30.—Edward O'Flaherty sailed from Queenstown today on the steamship Umbria for America. The Cork Parnellites made a great farewell demonstration with bands, flags and a large meeting, at which the mayor of the city presided. In response to the addresses of the local Parnellite leaders, Mr. O'Flaherty spoke at considerable length concerning Irish politics. His experience during his sojourn in Ireland, he said, had convinced him that John Redmond's ideal was an Irish party. He criticised severely the leaders of the Irish National Federation in the United States.

After Breakfast

To purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, and give nerve, bodily and digestive strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Continue the medicine after every meal for a month or two.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. 25c.

Sam T. Jack's.

Sam T. Jack has added an attraction to his Creoles, and an attraction which was never seen befor outside of the far off Sandwich Islands. He has imported six "hula-hula" dancers from Hawaii—two warriors, Manoa and Mayaafa, and four women, Kauia, Aloha, Pelele, and Pakele. These people were dancers of great prominence at Honolulu, and the especial favorites of Queen Kapiolani and the late King Kalakaua. Unique as are the dancers, their dance is simply wonderful. The six Hawaiians are marvels of dusky beauty and physical development, and their dance is expected to create a genuine sensation.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

1598. 1893.

LAMH DEARG ABUADH!

National Demonstration,

IRISH

Under the Auspices of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County, at

OGDEN GROVE,

ON

TUESDAY, AUG. 15,

Being the 295th Anniversary of Hugh O'Neill's Great Victory Over the English at the Yellow Ford! and the Seventeenth Annual Celebration of that Glorious Battle in Chicago.

WILLIAM H. JOYCE will preside at the afternoon meeting, and the speakers will be the HON. T. B. MINIHAN, of Omaha, Neb., and M. P. BRADY, of Chicago.

M. J. KEANE will preside at the evening meeting, and the speakers will be the HON. JOHN E. FITZGERALD, of Boston, Mass., and JOHN F. FINERTY, of Chicago.

The speakers will be escorted to the grounds from McCoy's Hotel by the Hibernian Rifles (7th Regiment I. N. G.), the Clan-na-Gael Guards, Companies A and B; the Robert Emmet Guards and the Gaelic Athletic clubs.

In the evening there will be a Grand Display of Fireworks, in which many novel and interesting features will be presented, including a spirited representation of the Irish Houses of Parliament and other historic pictures.

TICKETS, 50 CTS

Sold Only at the Gate.

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CHICAGO

FORMERLY WITH WISNER & SULLIVAN.

MOTHER SONG.

Soft sleeps the [illegible] on[illegible]
Soft sleeps the bough above the [illegible]
O'er lonely depths the whippoorwill
Breathes one faint note, and all is still.
Sleep, little darling. Night is long—
Sleep while I sing thy cradle song.

About thy dream the drooping flower
Blows her sweet breath from hour to hour,
And white the great moon spreads her wings,
While low, while far, the dear earths wings.
Sleep, little darling. All night long
The winds shall sing thy slumber song.

Powers of the earth and of the air
Shall have thee in their mother care,
And hosts of heaven, together pressed,
Bend over thee, their best, their best.
Hush, little darling. From the deep
Some mighty wing shall fan thy sleep.
—Harriett P. Spofford in Harper's Bazar.

LOVE'S STRATEGEM.

The warm light of a July morning sun streamed through the widely opened French window of the well furnished breakfast apartment of a large villa residence at Dulwich, named "The Cedars."

The inhabitant and owner of this residence was a widower between 50 and 60 years of age, a building contractor, named Grubber. His ward and niece, Miss Eva Vernon, and four female servants resided with him.

Mr. Grubber was a hard, stern man, a self made man he called himself, whose wife soon after his marriage had come into a fortune of £50,000, which enabled her husband to rise from the position of a builder's foreman to that of a master builder and contractor.

At the time at which this story is opened Mr. John Grubber, whom all his acquaintances and employees would insist upon calling Mr. Money Grubber, had amassed a large fortune and had been a widower for 20 years.

Ten years after his bereavement his only sister, Mrs. Vernon, died, leaving him the guardian of her only daughter, Eva, a child then of 10 years of age and possessing a fortune of £20,000 in her own right.

Hard, stern man that he was, John Grubber did his duty to his ward, and it was not till she had reached the age of 18 that she left school to become the mistress of her uncle's establishment at Dulwich.

It was a strange contrast that the uncle and niece presented on this beautiful morning in the month of July as they sat at breakfast some two years after her home coming to her uncle's house.

At one end of the table sat the man of business perusing the market article in the morning paper, his iron gray hair standing erect on his head, his heavy eyebrows contracted over his small, dark, piercing eyes, and his iron bound chin extended by his tightly pressed and seam puckered lips.

Eva, who sat opposite to him in her neat morning wrapper, with a wreath of uncoiled golden hair falling over her smooth white neck and shoulders, seemed to have fixed her liquid eyes on space while she toyed aimlessly with her spoon in the cup.

Her thoughts were certainly not with her immediate surroundings, or she would not have started so violently or colored so deeply when her uncle exclaimed in his sharp, gruff voice:

"Confound it, bricks have gone up 3 shillings a thousand, and I have just taken that big contract for the new board school."

"What did you say, uncle?" asked Eva, shaking off the reverie into which she had fallen.

"Say," replied the other testily. "I said bricks had gone up and sand and lime are bound to follow. I shall lose a thousand pounds on the job."

And the old gentleman flung the paper down on the breakfast table and rose to his feet.

"I must be off at once," he said, "and find out if all the yards have raised their prices, and if not I must secure the lowest at once before they follow suit."

"But you have not eaten your toast or drank your coffee, uncle," said his niece.

"Bother the coffee; hang the toast," he cried. "Those who have not yet quoted so high are sure to do so when they see the paper. I must go at once."

"I'm so sorry, uncle," said Eva as he stood in the doorway, "I did so wish you to be at home this morning. I thought perhaps"——

"You must do your thinking while I'm gone," he interrupted. "It is only fools who think; sane people act. If I had stopped to think as women do, I should not have been the successful man of business I am. There, I cannot stop, not a minute. Confusion confounded! Only to think that the very day after I signed that contract that bricks should advance 3 shillings a thousand, and I cannot do with less than 1,000 loads."

He dashed open a side door that led into the hall, and the next moment Eva Vernon, standing, with one white hand on the breakfast table, and her face, with a half pained expression upon it, turned toward the doorway through which he had passed, heard her uncle exclaim in sharp, angry tones:

"Jane, fetch me a cab. I cannot wait for the brougham. There, if you must wait to put your hat and boots on, I'll get one myself."

And then Eva heard the front door bang, and she knew that her uncle had gone.

She sank down upon her chair with a sigh, and with her clasped hands resting upon the edge of the table she said:

"How unfortunate that anything should have occurred to annoy uncle this morning. I had hoped so to be able to keep his irritable temper in abeyance till Arthur had told him the story of our love and implored his consent to our union."

* * * * * *

"What, weeping, dear Eva?"

It was a rich, manly voice that uttered the words as its possessor strode through the open French window into the room.

Eva, whose forehead had sunk down upon her clasped hands, looked up and with a glad cry caught the extended hand in both her own.

"Arthur!" she said.

"Yes, darling, it is I, your ever devoted lover. But why are your lovely eyes moist with tears. What has occurred to distress you? Has your uncle been angry with you?"

"Not with me, Arthur," she replied as he placed his arm around her waist and gently touched his lips to her forehead. "He saw something in the paper that annoyed him, and he has gone away in hot haste and in anything but a good temper, and I could not but feel how unfortunate that anything should occur to upset him on the very morning when we arranged that you should submit to him so momentous a question as to his consent to my becoming your wife."

"Nothing could be worse," said Arthur, his handsome face paling slightly. "But still we will hope that business matters will not affect his feelings toward you or his willingness to enhance our happiness. Besides, my darling Eva, his anger will doubtless have evaporated on his return."

"I pray it may," replied Eva, smiling up in the face of her lover, "for I should be so unhappy if he dashed our hopes to the ground."

"How happy, my darling, you make me feel to hear you say so, since it proves, if proof I needed, how dearly you love me."

"Did you ever doubt it, Arthur?" she said as she wound her arms around his neck and fixed her blue eyes upon his own gray ones.

"Forbid it, heaven, never for an instant!" he cried as he drew her to his breast and kissed her cheeks and lips. "I have loved you long, loved you dearly, and come what may I shall love you to the last."

Her head sank upon his breast, and as the young man pressed his lips and cheeks upon that wealth of golden hair the figure of John Grubber, the contractor, strode to the long open window and stood between its panels, gazing with thunderstruck amazement upon the young couple so fondly folded within each other's arms.

It took him some moments to command himself sufficiently to speak, and when he did so his voice was tremulous and husky with passion.

"What in the name of fury," he cried, "does this mean?"

And as he spoke he strode into the center of the apartment.

Startled by the tones the lovers started from out of each other's embrace, and with her face and neck crimsoning to the hue of a peony Eva gave utterance to a gasping cry, and covering her face with her trembling hands hurried from the room.

"What," almost shouted the irate contractor, "is the meaning of this scene upon which I have come so unexpectedly and I have no doubt so unwelcomely? Since my ward has fled in shame from my presence perhaps you, Mr. Arthur Linton, will inform me of the reason of your presence here and the strange positions in which I have surprised you?"

"Mr. Grubber," said the young man calmly, "when I entered this apartment a short time since I came to see you, but found instead one I have long loved, and one whose own lips have assured me more than once that my passion is reciprocated, that my love is returned."

"Indeed," sneered Grubber.

"Yes, sir," returned the other, paying no heed to the sneers. "And I came here this morning with the full permission of your charming niece to inform you that we have long loved each other and to ask your consent to permit me to make her my wife, a happiness that we have long looked forward to, and which I am sure will never, either upon her part or mine, be dimmed by sorrow or regret."

"In plain words, you came to ask my consent to your espousal of my ward and niece," said Mr. Grubber.

"I did," was the reply.

"And pray, what have you to urge as an inducement to me to grant your request?" asked Mr. Grubber.

"That myself and Miss Eva have long loved each other; that my position in society is respectable; that my income from a high class business, though small at present, will increase with time and perseverance, and that no man could make her a more tender and devoted husband than myself."

"That you are honorable, respectable and a rising member of a noble profession I am willing to admit, but that is not all I shall require, Mr. Linton, to induce me to give my consent to my niece's marriage with you or any other. My ward has £20,000 in her own right, and with such a dowry no man shall marry her who does not possess 10 times as much when he leads her to the altar. When you can show me that your income can be counted by as many thousands per annum as it is now counted by hundreds, I may feel disposed to listen to your prayers, but till then, Mr. Arthur Linton, my ears are deaf alike to your pleadings and hers. No words. I will not listen to them. Our interview is ended. Good morning."

"Sir," said Arthur, "I learned from your niece that business had somewhat upset you this morning, and as I cannot but feel that some annoyance under which you at present suffer may have much to do with your present answer to my suit I will not accept it as final, but urge my prayer again when you are calm and will be more willing to study the happiness of your niece and one who so truly loves her."

* * * * * *

Two days after Mr. Grubber sat alone in the breakfast room, when a servant entered with a visiting card upon a salver, which she presented to her master, saying:

"The gentleman desires to see you, sir, upon most important and urgent business."

"I am not acquainted with the gentleman's name," said Grubber, looking at the card, "but as he says his business is urgent show him in and tell Miss Eva that I am engaged for a time."

The servant retired and in another minute ushered in a tall gentleman attired in black broadcloth, with the unmistakable appearance of a man connected with the law, and evidently about 50 years of age.

Grubber rose and placed a seat for his visitor, who took it with a polite bow.

Placing a bundle of papers tied round with narrow red tape upon the table, the visitor, whose card announced him to be Mr. Parchmont Wills of the firm of Wills & Draft, solicitors, Chauncey Chambers, looking full at the contractor, said:

"Sir, you will doubtless wonder why an entire stranger to you has sought this interview, and in explanation I must inform you that our firm have for the past two years been engaged in seeking out a young man who evidently, quite unknown to himself, is the actual heir to no less a sum than £1,200,000, a fortune to which he legally becomes entitled by the death of an uncle, a wealthy landowner and stock raiser in Australia. In the course of our inquiries we have been led to hope that you might be able to give us some clew to the whereabouts of this fortunate individual, who, upon establishing himself to be the son of one Arthur Linton and his wife Maria, long resident in College street, Cambridge, but since dead, will be able to claim being considered a millionaire."

"What name did you say?" asked Grubber, leaning forward toward his visitor.

"The full name of the young man we are so anxious to find is Arthur Barton Linton, his father's sister having married a Joseph Barton, after whom young Linton was named. My object, sir, in coming to you is that our firm has discovered that you were in years gone by acquainted with the Lintons, and, furthermore, we had been informed that he was believed to be an occasional visitor at your house. If, sir, we have been misinformed, I can only crave your pardon for my intrusion upon you."

"You are quite right, sir," said Grubber. "I was acquainted with the Lintons of Cambridge during their lifetime, and I remember that I have heard that the sister of my old friend was married to a man of the name of Barton, with whom she emigrated to Australia soon after her marriage, and I have occasionally seen young Linton, coming in contact with him in the course of business, he having occasionally submitted to me plans of buildings for which I have contracted."

"Then you can give me his address?" cried the other eagerly.

"That, sir, I regret I am unable to furnish," said Grubber, the falsehood tinting his sallow cheeks with red. "But now I remember the young man has promised to submit some plans to me in the course of a few weeks with respect to a large building I am about to erect, and I think, sir, that to save yourself further trouble and expense in your search we had better wait till he lays these plans before me, when I can tell him that if he calls upon your firm he may hear something to his advantage."

"Perhaps so, sir," said Mr. Wills, rising and taking up his bundle of papers. "We are now assured of his existence and of the large commission which of course we charge. But that deducted Arthur Barton Linton will still be a millionaire, the envy of his own sex and the admiration of the ladies. Lucky dog, Ah, Mr. Grubber, how I wish you and I were as fortunate as this young fellow, whose future position will afford him all the pleasures and luxuries of life! You will not fail to send him, sir, to us, and now, apologizing for taking up so much of your time, I will bid you good day."

Mr. Grubber bowed his visitor out and then sank into his chair.

"Arthur Linton, the suitor for my ward's hand, a millionaire," he muttered. "Ah! that I had known this two days ago; how different then would have been my answer to him!"

As he rose and thoughtfully paced the room Arthur and Eva entered the apartment.

"Sir," said Arthur, "I have come for the last time to ask your permission to wed your niece. For your consent she joins her prayers to mine. It rests with you, sir, whether our future lives are to be rendered happy or miserable."

"Uncle," said Eva, throwing herself at his feet, "by the memory of your own love, by the thought of what you and my dear aunt would have suffered had my grandfather refused his consent to your union, I conjure you to have pity on those who love as truly and purely as did yourselves, and by your consent make your niece and Arthur happy."

"Well, well, my darling Eva," he said, taking her hand in his own, "far be it from me to cause you pain. I have been thinking and have come to the conclusion that perhaps after all I was selfish in desiring to keep you always with me. It is but natural for man and woman to love and to wed. I will no longer be a stumbling block in the path of your happiness. Take her, Arthur; she is yours."

With a glad cry the lovers sprang to each other's arms.

"Yes, she is yours," said Grubber, "and now take my advice. Get a special license and get married as soon as you can, for if I get another twinge of the confounded gout your wedding may be long delayed."

* * * * * *

A week later, as Mr. Grubber drew on his white kid gloves, he said:

"I expect a gentleman here this morning—Mr. Parchmont Wills. Show him into the drawing room. Now, my dear, I am ready."

Eva, veiled for her bridal, placed her hand on his arm, and he led her to the carriage which was to convey her to the church.

Half an hour later she returned home, hanging on her happy husband's arm.

On entering the drawing room with his guests Grubber found a letter awaiting him.

Opening it, he read:

SIR—We find we have been for two years on the wrong scent. The real claimant to Barton's fortune has come forward, proved his right to the money and enriched by £100,000 the firm of Wills & Draft.

"Sold, by heaven!" gasped Grubber as he crushed the letter in his hand and strode from the room.

"Darling," said Arthur as he drew his wedded bride closer to him, "what greater fortune can I possess than the loving heart I have won by a lover's stratagem."—Exchange.

WRITING AN OPERA.

W. S. GILBERT TELLS HOW HE PRODUCES COMIC LIBRETTO.

A Work In Which the Poet and the Composer Must Work Hand In Hand—Mr. Gilbert's Laborious Methods—How He Gets His Ideas For Popular Plots.

I asked W. S. Gilbert what he considered the chief traits necessary to enable one to become a successful playwright.

"Well," he replied thoughtfully, "that opens up a very large subject. They differ vastly. In my own line I should sum them up as follows: In the first place, the power of catching the public taste; then a thorough knowledge of stagecraft and a gift for stage management, the capacity to invent a plot, the power to create characters, an eye for dramatic situation and scenic effect, and finally the faculty to write readily dialogue, lyrics and musical numbers."

"I believe, Mr. Gilbert," I said, "that you have little or no ear for music. Don't you find this interferes with your rhythmical numbers?"

"It is quite true that I have no ear for music, but I have a very sensitive ear for rhythm; it is precisely the difference between time and tune. I am very fond of music, but I don't know a discord when I hear one. On the other hand, the slightest error in time, which would probably escape a musician, would jar most gratingly on my ear. My fondness for music chiefly lies in hearing pieces which are connected in my mind with associations. I would rather hear an unknown soprano singing a song I knew than Patti singing one I did not know."

"Where do your plots come from, Mr. Gilbert?"

"Plots? Good gracious! where do they come from? I don't know. A chance remark in conversation, a little accidental incident, a trifling object, may suggest a train of thought which develops into a startling plot. Of course I am talking of original plots. I don't call adapting a play or translating a play writing one. Taking my own plots, for instance, the 'Mikado' was suggested by a Japanese sword which hangs in my study, 'The Yeomen of the Guard' by even a more unlikely incident. I had 20 minutes one day to wait at Uxbridge station for a train, and I saw the advertisement of the 'Tower Furnishing Company,' representing a number of beef eaters—why, goodness only knows. It gave me an idea, and I wrote the play originally as one of modern life in the Tower of London. Then it suddenly occurred to me to throw the time of it back to that of Queen Elizabeth. Having got one's plot, the next step is to fit in the characters. And the chief point in doing so is to invent original characters.

"I write out the play as a story, just as carefully as though it were to be published in that form. I then try to divide it into acts. I think two acts the right number for comic opera. At least my experience—and that is 20 years old—teaches me so. Sometimes, of course, the original story does not fall readily into two acts, and so requires modification. Well, I put it by for a fortnight or more, and then rewrite the whole thing without referring to the first copy. I find that I have omitted some good things that were in the first edition and have introduced some other good things that were not in it. I compare the two, put them both aside and write it out again. Sometimes I do this a dozen times; indeed the general public has no idea of the trouble it takes to produce a play that seems to run so smoothly and so naturally.

"One must work up to a good curtain. I believe very strongly in this, although I never take up any controversies, but simply go my own way on my own lines. The last impression is always the strongest, and the audience will often pardon a feeble, wearisome act for one dramatic climax at its conclusion. I can generally judge now what will have a good effect. Sometimes, but very rarely, it is spoiled by the interpreters. They always do their best, but occasionally they fail to realize my intention. The fact is that for comic opera many artists, especially tenors and sopranos, are necessarily engaged who are singers rather than actors, and it is not to be expected that carefully written comedy dialogue will receive full justice at their hands.

"Well, to go on with the writing of the play, I next sketch out quite roughly the dialogue and then fill in the musical numbers as I feel inclined. I do not attempt to write them in order, but just as the humor takes me—one here, one there, a sad one when I feel depressed, a bright one when I am in a happy mood. When at last all those of the first act are done, it is sent to the composer to be set to music, with a copy of the rough sketch of the dialogue to show him how the different songs hang together. I generally like reading it over to the composer, so as to give him my idea of the rhythm, which, as a matter of course, he varies at his pleasure.

"There must be perfect good fellowship between the writer and composer, as there is much give and take to be managed. Meters have to be changed by the writer, or tunes altered by the composer, to fit in with some idea, some intention, of the other partner. For instance, the writer may have put a theme in one meter, and the composer has a tune in his head which will just suit the theme, but will not fit the scansion, and so the lyrics must be altered. Each must try to make the other's part as easy as possible. There must be no jealousy, no bad feeling between the two. They must be on the best of terms, otherwise there will be no success."—Cor. St. James Gazette.

Remark of a Cruel Man.

There is a report prevalent in Kansas that Ottawa university is to receive an endowment of $50,000 from a wealthy lady in that state in 15 years. Every friend of the university was happy over the report until one old curmudgeon of a man suggested that that was plenty of time for any woman to change her mind. —New York Times.

The "Walking Stick" Business.

Under the general term "walking stick trade" is included the manufacture of sticks for umbrellas, etc., of which an incredible number are produced annually. In England—which, by the way, almost supplies the world—the number of men employed is about 4,000. The trade is rather scattered, though by far the greatest part is done in London, where in the east end it is carried on extensively. The workmen are chiefly drawn from the poorer classes of St. Luke's, Finsbury, Shoreditch, Whitechapel and Bethnal Green, in which parishes the principal workshops are situated. The trade is strictly a season one. It is among the first to feel depression and among the last to recover. A large number of the men employed earn on the average a fair living, especially those in the largest houses, who enjoy, as a rule, the most regular employment.

But a large section of the trade pays bad wages—in fact, in some cases it is a mere existence. A great quantity of sticks produced by these latter are manufactured in dwelling houses—nay, in the very living rooms, though in this respect there is a gradual improvement going on. The people among whom this state of things exists are mostly small manufacturers who work on their own account. In busy times it often happens the man is compelled to work nearly all night in order to get the work done in time for payment on Saturday. It has been known for wives' and even children's help to be put to account. This is true when the trade is busy, which is generally from March to November, when slack time begins and continues with more or less abatement till the following spring.—Chambers' Journal.

An Amusement of Youth.

"Every middle aged man of sound memory who was brought up in town," said Mr. Greatbar, "will recall the fact that when he was a boy he found great delight in rattling a stick along the picket fences. This amusement of childhood, like many others of that period of life, appears to have been transmitted from generation to generation without material change. The strings of spools and the soldier hats and so on of the children of today are substantially like those of their forefathers. But it might seem to some that this succession is in danger of being broken. In many suburban towns and villages there is now no picket fence. The modern spirit lays lawns, and so there are many places where the houses are as if in parks, and where the younger children might not know a picket fence if they should see one. I have two children, for instance, who I am quite sure have never enjoyed the felicity of rattling a hard stick against the resounding pickets.

"It might indeed seem under such circumstances that this is one of the enjoyments of childhood which in some families might be lost altogether; that one could scarcely expect the children of these children who have never rattled pickets to think of it themselves, but I cannot believe this. I believe, rather, that if in their youth the children of these children should come upon a town where picket fences still remained they would pick up the handiest stick and go quite naturally and very gleefully rattling it along the pickets, for I cannot believe that a habit grounded for centuries in the human race can be utterly lost by its lapse in a single generation."—New York Sun.

A Chessboard Brain.

The most wonderful deformity in the human brain that has ever been noted by the scientists and made a matter of record was that of the phenomenal chess player, Richard Rockwoode. Rockwoode could play 12 games of chess simultaneously, but no more, not even being able to begin on the thirteenth. After death his brain was carefully examined by skilled anatomists, who found in the region known to phrenologists as "locality" that the molecules of that portion of the brain had actually arranged themselves into a combination of squares resembling a chessboard and that each of these squares had certain marks upon it, supposed to represent the final positions of the pieces in the last 12 games played by the great expert while he was blindfolded. The doctors who make this wonderful report declare that it is true in every particular, but that the arrangement of the atoms of the brain into the chessboard squares referred to could only be distinguished by microscopes of the highest power.

More than 40 years ago, when Sir William Dean Bakker made an examination of the brain of Forbes, the shipbuilder, and reported that the molecules of the brain had arranged themselves (the "gray matter" separating from the other constituents of the brain and "lining up") into a rude form of a vessel hull, he was only laughed at. The Rockwoode investigation proves that Bakker knew what he was talking about.—St. Louis Republic.

Using English Coins For Weights.

Many are the uses of money, but Mr. Joseph Newton, late of the Royal mint, points out there is at least one use which is not generally known. This is the availability of coins for letter weighing when the ordinary postal weights do not happen to be at hand. Commencing with the sovereign, this weighs a very safe quarter ounce, for foreign postage, two equaling, of course, a half ounce, and four one ounce. The next denomination, the crown piece, is just on the right side of one ounce in weight, and the half crown of half an ounce. Five separate shillings, or two shillings and a sixpence, for the ounce and half ounce, will do as well.

Descending from gold and silver to hard working bronze, it is found that either three penny pieces, or five halfpence, or 10 farthings will respectively make up one ounce. Another peculiarity in regard to the halfpenny is noted by Mr. Newton. That is its diameter, which is precisely one inch, so that by using it as a measure it will be seen that 12 halfpence laid flat and in touch are equal to one foot and 36 to one yard.—London Tit-Bits.

AN INNOCENT IN A HOTEL.

A Stranger Gets Into a Hotel Office and Makes Things Lively.

There is stopping at the Great Northern an old countryman, who was in former years an intimate acquaintance of Colonel Saye, the night clerk. He went out Sunday afternoon and returned to the hotel some time after midnight feeling a bit frisky. Presuming upon his acquaintance with the night clerk, he opened the gate and went behind the counter to show the clerk how to attend to his business. While Colonel Saye's attention was called away, the old fellow sat down on a stool behind the counter and innocently leaned his broad and weary back against about 30 of the push buttons on the annunciator.

An electric wire connects these buttons in the rooms above with gongs which make a peculiar and astonishing amount of noise, especially when they start suddenly after midnight and keep up the racket without cessation. Well, when the old man leaned his back against the annunciator the noise began up stairs, but of course he didn't hear it, so he continued to sit there and push the buttons.

Many people had left calls so as to catch their trains. They got up and began to dress, but they couldn't imagine why the deafening noise continued after they had pushed the button in response to signify that they were up. The others were panic stricken. The halls were soon filled with men and women in all kinds of deshabille. Each door as it was opened let an additional noise into the hall, until with the oaths of the men and the screams of the women it seemed a perfect bedlam. People became mixed up and got into rooms with others whom they had never seen. One man, after the scare was over, never discovered that he was in the wrong room until getting in bed he almost mashed a baby.

Of course there was a rush for the office. The clerk opened his eyes and grabbed his gun as everybody fired questions at him at once. He said he couldn't explain it, but they must be crazy. Then he looked around and saw the old "chump" sitting on the stool, with an innocent, inane, toothless smile stretching across his sun bronzed face. Colonel Saye pulled him up by the collar and told him what he had been doing.

"Well, I'll be gol darned," was all he said then, but as the people started up stairs he said, "I'm sorry I disturbed the good people, but who'd ha' believed that that darn board could make all that noise when it only had a man's back a-leanin against it." Then he went over and began to push a white spot on the new postal box. He thought he was ringing for the elevator.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Knew Her Own Game Best.

Just beside that triumph of sculpture representing the late Samuel S. Cox in the act of trying to catch an Eighth street car a tired truck horse stood in the shafts. The driver had gone to refresh himself in a nearby saloon and had first unshipped the horse's headstall that he might stand the more easily. A little wizened woman, ugly as Punch, dressed in rusty black clothes and carrying an old fashioned reticule embroidered with colored worsted, came ambling along the walk, mumbling to herself. When she saw the horse, she stopped and took some lumps of sugar out of her little bag. She put one of them between her lips and marched up under the horse's nose. The intelligent animal sniffed, looked and saw the sugar. He also saw the little old woman who held the sweet morsel in such a forbidding setting. The horse hesitated, wiggled his upper lip and gathered in the sugar. The woman rubbed her hand over her face where the horse's lips had brushed it. The ceremony was repeated several times, and just as the last lump was gone the driver reappeared.

"What yer doin to that horse?" he demanded.

"Gimme 5 cents," said the old woman stoutly. "I've been giving your horse all my sugar because you went off to drink alone and left him."

The man refused. The crowd howled with laughter and gave all sorts of advice. The little old woman repeated her demand. The driver finally fished out the coin and drove off, while the old woman went her way talking to herself and smirking and courtesying as the crowd parted to let her pass.—New York Times.

Mr. Edison Hates a Telephone.

"What makes you work?" I asked with real curiosity. "What impels you to this constant, tireless struggle? You have shown that you care comparatively nothing for the money it makes, and you have no particular enthusiasm in the attending fame."

"I like it," Mr. Edison answered after a moment of puzzled expression, and then he repeated his reply several times as if mine was a proposition that had not occurred to him before. "I like it. I don't know any other reason. You know some people like to collect stamps. Anything I have begun is always on my mind, and I am not easy while away from it until it is finished. And then I hate it."

"Hate it?" I asked, struck by his emphatic tone.

"Yes," he affirmed, "when it is all done and is a success I can't bear the sight of it. I haven't used a telephone in 10 years, and I would go out of my way any day to miss an incandescent light."—C. D. Lanier in Review of Reviews.

The Nick In a Man's Coat Collar.

The little V shaped nick at the juncture of the coat collar and lapel is said to have had its origin as follows: When the first Napoleon gave way to his ambition, he tried to implicate General Moreau in Pichegru's conspiracy. Moreau had been Napoleon's superior and was very popular, but under the circumstances it was not safe to express publicly any sympathy with Moreau, so his admirers secretly agreed to nick their coat lapels to show who they were. It shows the outline of the letter M upside down. —Washington Star.

PRETTY GOOD EVIDENCE.

How a Doubting Thomas of a City Editor Was Satisfied of the Truth.

He was very fat and a reporter on a paper in Pittsburg. For some time the city editor had been gradually becoming impressed with the opinion that some of his reporters were shirking and were not using that diligence and energy in gathering facts concerning assignments given them to cover that should be characteristic of them. In fact, he was in that frame of mind in which he was harassed with grave doubts every time a reporter said that a man he had been sent to see was not in or refused to talk.

One evening when this impression was running strongly within him there came a rumor that Harry Oliver, the big iron man, had failed and had made an assignment. The fat reporter was sent out to see Mr. Oliver. He returned with the information that the house was shut up tight, and that repeated rings had failed of any response. Mr. Oliver's house was up one of those high hills that would impart bloom on the cheeks of all its girls but for the smoky atmosphere.

The city editor looked at the fat reporter, and then he was ready as a good Quaker to solemnly affirm his belief that the hill leading up to Mr. Oliver's household had never been climbed. He was neither slow nor delicate about asserting this belief and dispatched the reporter again on the same mission with directions not to return without some evidence that he had actually been at the Oliver residence.

Later in the night the fat reporter came in puffing and blowing. Under his arm was a big package neatly wrapped in a newspaper. He reported a second failure to arouse any of the supposed inmates of the Oliver house, and a second time the city editor was incredulous. "There," said the fat reporter, with emphasis, "there, does that satisfy you?" and he banged down on the table his package. Unfolding it in a bewildered way, the city editor exposed the contents, a great silver plate inscribed "H. W. Oliver, Jr." The fat reporter had rung the door bell unavailingly and had then unscrewed from the family mansion the name plate on the door.—Washington Post.

THE SAND OF AN OLD TIMER.

Fatal Bravery That Won a Rare Tribute From a Band of Apaches.

A company of ranchmen sat about the railroad station in Pomona the other afternoon waiting for the belated overland train for Los Angeles. Every man in the party knew the others, and there being an hour or two to wait story telling of the early days on the border and in Arizona and California came natural. Stories of old times, when Indians were bad and the white pioneers knew what bravery meant, were related. John Wilson of El Monte told the most absorbing story of the hour:

"Talk about sand in a man, gentlemen! I am telling you that it takes sand of the genuine article in any man to try and stand off single handed 40 or 50 Apaches when he knows just how the scrap will end, and that the end will be his own death. But that was just the kind of sand that was in Felix Knox when he was killed by the Apaches. You see Knox was an all round gambler, such as the tenderfoot from the east scorns so much and knows so little about, but he had a heart in him bigger than any tenderfoot's head. Well, it was in the spring of 1879 Knox, with his wife and baby and a Mexican driver, was coming from Silver City to Clifton, down in Arizona. They got to York's ranch, which is on the Gila river, about 80 miles from Clifton, all right, but were told there that signs of Apaches had been seen, and that they had better go in camp there for a few days, but Knox—who had fought the Apaches dozens of times and didn't know what fear was—said he wanted to make Clifton that day, Indians or no Indians.

"Well, the Knoxes drove on. When they were about two miles from York's ranch, sure enough a big buck Indian came from behind a low, round top mesa. Knox knew there were plenty more of the red devils hid there and that it meant a fight to death for him. He was as cool as a cucumber. He jumped out of the wagon, filled his pockets with two boxes of cartridges, and then kissed his wife and baby for the last time, but saying that he would have the redskins quieted in a few minutes. He ordered the Mexican driver to lash the team for all he was worth and to drive back to York's ranch as fast as the horses could jump. Then Knox waved his hand to his wife and said he was going to stand off a few Apaches, although he was sure there was a big band of them. As the team and wagon flew back to the ranch Knox, rifle in hand, started toward the hill for his last fight. He turned once and waved his sombrero to his wife and child and then strode on to his certain death.

"The Apaches a second later rushed out from behind the hill where they were secreted. Knox faced his foes, and standing stock still pumped lead at them until he fell down dead. The next day a party of us was made up, and we went out where the fight took place. Knox's body lay there amid the cactus in the sun. The Apaches, contrary to their usual custom, had not mutilated the fellow's body in the least. They had taken a clean pocket handkerchief out of Knox's pocket and carefully spread it over his face and had fastened it there by putting a small stone on each corner of it to hold it in its place and keep the hot sun from the dead man's face. That was their tribute to the sand in Knox. Seventy empty shells were found that had been emptied from Knox's winchester, and one of the raiding Indians afterward said that their party numbered 42 and that Knox had killed seven of them."—Pomona Progress.

The Servant Was Horrified.

Dr. S. had a newly arrived Hibernian for a servant. He had also recently purchased a pair of porpoise leather boots. His wife, attracted by the novelty of the new footwear, asked the doctor in the presence of the servant what they were made of, to which he responded, "Porpoise hide."

Shortly after the lady from the Emerald Isle interviewed Mrs. S. and announced her intention of "laving whin me week is up." Mrs. S., somewhat surprised, asked the disturbed domestic the reason for her announced departure, to which Bridget responded with a horrified air:

"Your husband is a docther, mum, an I've heard them docthers do be cuttin up people, an didn't I hear um wid me own ears say that the boots of him were made of pauper's hide. It's me own ould father that died in the poorhouse, an I wouldn't be servin a haythen that uses the skin of the poor to cover his dirthy feet wid."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Better Left Unsaid.

A certain young poet is equally famous in the world of letters as an author and among his friends for his blunt candor that is forever betraying him into one of the things one would have preferred to say differently, as Du Maurier puts it. On his last birthday he was given a charming dinner by his doting parents, at which he was bitterly disappointed by the regret of several notables. Thus, when a society girl said to him at the close of the evening, "What a delightful time we have had!" he exclaimed from the fullness of his heart: "I'm glad it hasn't seemed dull to you. We invited some awfully clever people, but not one of them came!"—Philadelphia Press.

A Grace Church Window.

By nothing can the prevailing state of taste be more accurately gauged than by the monuments erected in churches and other public places. In the dark periods which every now and then come in art church monuments erected by the loving but mistaken friends of the dead have been often horrid monstrosities. It is good to note a decided advance in this respect here in New York. In some of our churches exquisite windows, rivaling in the delicacy of their tones those to be found in the old churches of the continent of Europe, have been placed. Now it is announced that another door, set in a carved doorway, is to be placed in Grace church by the family of the late Charles Griswold Langdon. This will make each entrance to the church represent a memorial to some former member of the parish. The good thing about a window or a doorway is that in each case there is a design to improve the church rather than satisfy that individual pride which is so manifest in the case of so many mural and statuary memorials.—New York Sun.

Some Magnificent Wedding Cakes.

Some very costly wedding cakes have been made in the royal kitchen of her majesty the queen. That provided for the Princess Beatrice's wedding was said to be worth £300. It weighed 800 pounds, was 9 feet in height and 5 feet in diameter. Six months were occupied in modeling the ornaments, among which were 1,800 sprays of sugared leaves of ivy, roses, honeysuckle and other plants. It was conveyed to Osborne in a special van and required 12 men to handle it.

The one provided for the marriage of the Princess Louise with the Duke of Fife was also made by the queen's confectioner and was a most magnificent and costly cake. The cake made for Count Munster's wedding was said to be of great cost. It stood on a handsome silver plateau. It weighed over a hundredweight, and was built in two tiers, overtopping everything else in the room where the breakfast was held.—London Tit-Bits.

Why Artificial Ice Is So Pure.

That artificial ice is pure ice cannot be gainsaid. The very nature and manner of manufacture necessarily makes it so. The water used is carefully distilled, which renders it impossible that any impurities shall remain, and even after it is distilled extra precautions are taken to keep it pure until it is safely congealed into the crystal blocks, which are almost transparent and show not the slightest foreign substance. Take a piece of purest lake ice and carefully compare it with the manufactured article, and the difference will readily be seen. Melt them in different glasses, and in the bottom of that containing the natural ice will be found a sediment, the other will contain pure water, while under the microscope a vast difference will be disclosed.—Exchange.

A Devout Celestial.

In one of the Sunday schools at Olympia is a little Chinese boy who takes great interest in all the proceedings. When impressed with the propriety of bringing a nickel to put in the contribution box, he promptly responded, but as he parted with it he asked, "What for?" The kind teacher replied, "It's for Jesus, my dear." The second Sunday the same question and the same answer. The third Sunday the same, but now the little Celestial's eyes opened with earnestness as he further asked, "Jesus allus bloke?" The reply of the teacher is not recorded.—Portland Oregonian.

Reason For the Past Tense.

"It ees, however," said the distinguished foreigner as he concluded his story, "simply a matter of heardsaid."

"You mean 'hearsay,' of course, count?"

"Ah, but zis was told me some time ago!"—Exchange.

Pensions For Workingmen In Austria.

Under the provisions of the Austrian poor law, at 60 years of age a man may claim from his native town or commune a pension equal to one-third of the daily wages which he had received during his working years. The amount varies from 2 to 6 florins a month. In Vienna alone there are 16,000 persons who receive these pensions from the city.

She Had Been There.

Perdita—You haven't the faintest idea how much I love him.

Penelope—Oh, yes I have—I used to love him that way myself.—Brooklyn Life.

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Society Directory.

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State Secretary, J F Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut st, Bloomington, Ill.
State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; J J Adamson, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; T A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western avs.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Corcoran, Rec Sec; Peter F Badigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union st.

Div 5—Patrick Coghlan, Pres, 109 Forquer st; Michael Punch, V-P; E P O'Reilly, R S, 577 Henry st; T Cullinane, F S; John Beegan, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Monday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4305 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Haidin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—M A Concannon, Pres, 41 Wendel st; M A Doyle, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 117 E Erie st; P J O Sullivan, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 3d Sunday of each month at corner Clark and Michigan sts at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 1020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 2 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie st; J F Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; H J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Michael S Finnegan, Pres; L Henely, V-P; P B Flanagan, R S, 3623 Fifth av; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third sts.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; M J Kennedy, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeonegan, VP; Jno Tuner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in B shop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 25—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Doran, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 33—Thos J Fitzpatrick, Pres, 2717 Wentworth av; Thos Kelley, V P; James Gannon, R S, 3756 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6635 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6350 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

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Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, Pres, 22 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

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Columbia No 2—Thomas Crean, C R, 93 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 52½ W Indiana st.

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St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

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Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

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St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1068 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, E. Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 47.6 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 13th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 338 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kiene. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 WentWorth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Hecking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2391 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3640 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 258 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in school hall.

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Deane, 252 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St George No 48—C R, John Fleckenstein, 2953 Bonfield st; R S, Hubert Hartig, 2930 Lyman st; F S, J P Greenewald; T, M Franz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at Thirty-first and Boniface sts.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, open face Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12 00.

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Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14 35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $34.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

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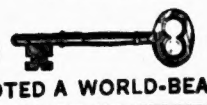
The  to All.

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ESTATE OF ANDREW J. TURNER, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Andrew J. Turner, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1893, being the 18th day thereof.

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GEORGE B. HENNESSY, Administrator.

William J. Cary, Attorney.

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LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—NOTICE IS hereby given, that a limited partnership has been formed, and entered into by the undersigned, under and pursuant to chapter 84 of the Revised Statutes of Illinois, entitled "An Act to revise the law in relation to limited partnerships," approved March 18, 1874, in force July 1, 1874; that the name under which the partnership is to be conducted is J. Richter; that the general nature of the business to be transacted is pawnbroking, that is, the loaning of sums of money on the security of pledges of personal property; and also buying and selling jewelry, watches, precious stones and such other articles of personal property as are usually bought and sold by pawnbrokers in the city of Chicago, county of Cook, and State of Illinois; that said business is to be carried on in Chicago, in the county of Cook aforesaid; that the undersigned Jennie Richter, whose place of residence is the city of Chicago aforesaid, is the general partner, and the undersigned Isaac Pieser, whose place of residence is the city of Chicago aforesaid, is the special partner; that the amount of capital stock which the said special partner Isaac Pieser has contributed to the common stock is two thousand five hundred dollars; which contribution has been made in merchandise, at cash value, which merchandise is of the kind and nature in which the said partnership is to deal, as above set forth; that the said contribution of the said Isaac Pieser to the common stock has been, actually, and in good faith contributed and applied to the same; that the said partnership is to commence on the seventeenth day of July, A. D. 1893, and will terminate on the seventeenth day of July, A. D. 1895; that the said partnership shall not be dissolved by the death of said general partner, Jennie Richter; that a certificate of the formation of the said limited partnership, as required by law, together with an affidavit by the said general partner Jennie Richter, that the contribution of the said special partner Isaac Pieser to the common stock, specified in the said certificate, has been actually and in good faith, contributed and applied to the same, was filed for record in the office of the County Clerk of Cook county, in the State of Illinois, on the seventeenth day of July, A. D. 1893.

Dated at Chicago, aforesaid, this seventeenth day of July, A. D. 1893.

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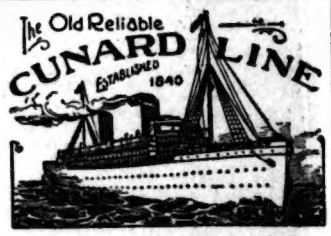

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. July Term A. D. 1893. Albert Nelson vs. Annie Nelson. In Chancery. No. 118,437.

Notice is hereby given to the said Annie Nelson that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.
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